The Beaver

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of three centuries

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Hudson's Bay Company

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The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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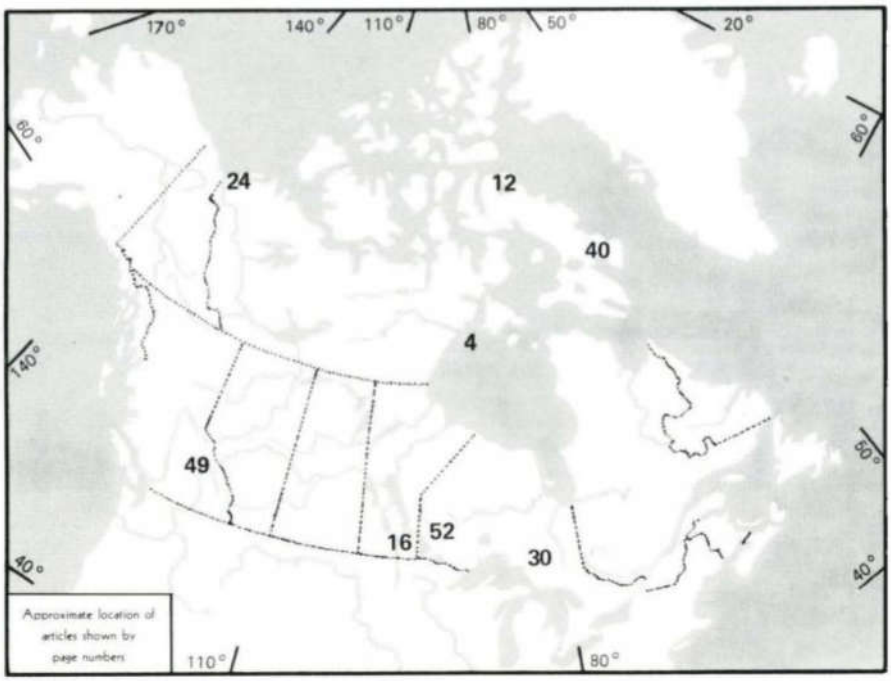

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COVER: Turtle in stream, photographed by Robert R. Taylor

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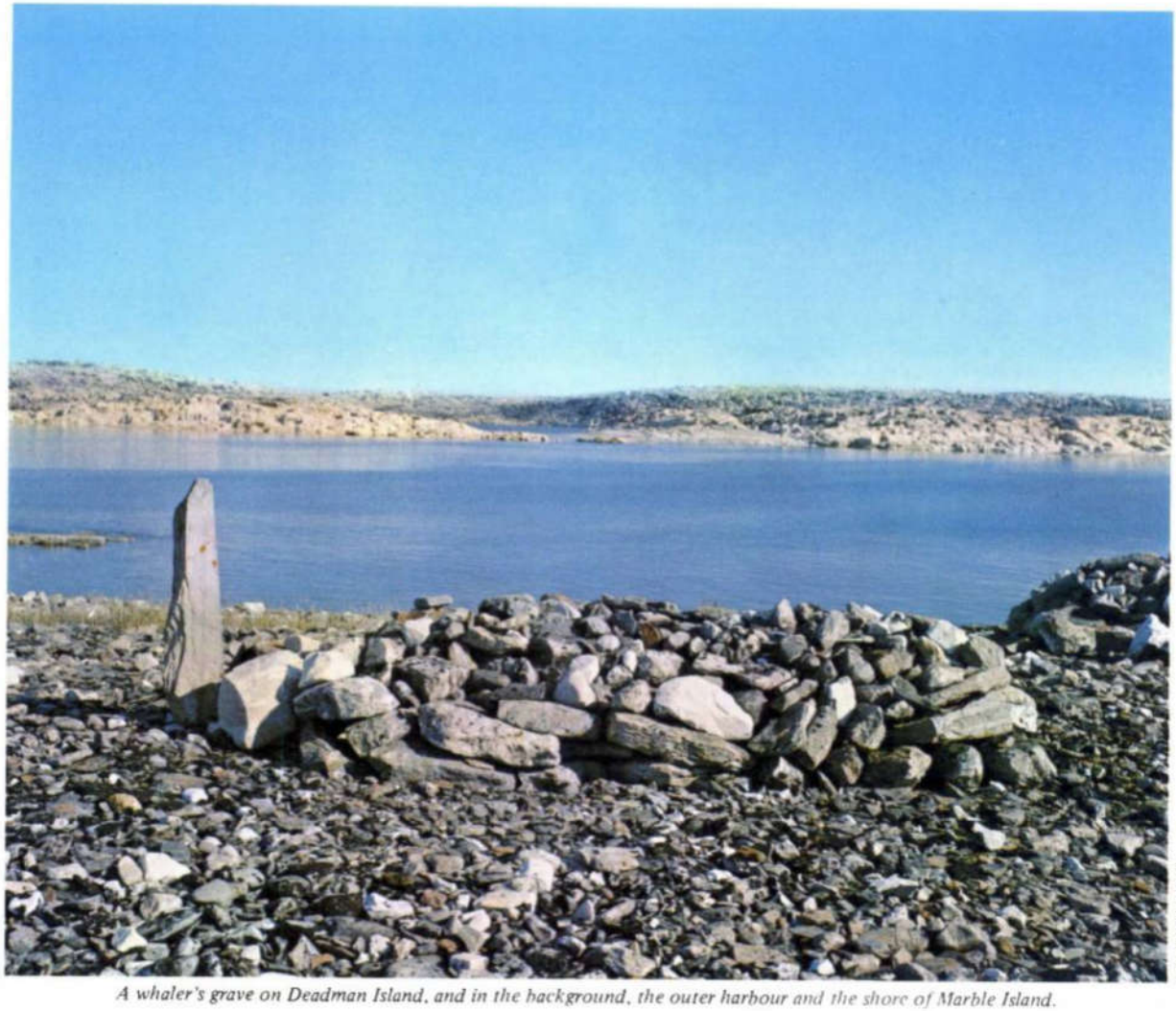


FRED BRUEMMER

A whaler's grave on Deadman Island, and in the background, the outer harbour and the shore of Marble Island.

Whaling in Hudson Bay

BY W. GILLIES ROSS

During three centuries of fur trading in the vast territory of Rupert's Land the Hudson's Bay Company concerned itself only occasionally with the hunting of bowhead whales in the waters of the Canadian North. Whereas the pursuit of white whales at river mouths assumed some importance near posts in southern Hudson Bay and constituted a factor in the Company's expansion northward along the Eastmain Coast, black whales were infrequently sought, and when they were the whaling efforts attained little success despite the abundance of whales in the northwestern part of the bay.

The Company's whaling operations fall into three periods. The first was from 1765 to 1772, when small vessels sailed annually from Churchill to the whaling grounds near Marble Island. The second was in 1866-67, when the Company attempted unsuccessfully to oppose the activities of American whalers in Roes Welcome Sound, where these interlopers on the Company's territory had achieved remarkable success since 1860 in both whaling and Eskimo trade. The third period, from 1892 to 1897, saw further attempts to compete against the Americans. This article, the first of a series of three, deals with the period from 1765 to 1772.

Section of the 1748 map by Henry Ellis. Dotted lines mark the voyage of the 'Dobbs Galley' and the 'California', on their search for the Northwest Passage.

Dr Ross is Chairman, Department of Geography at Bishop's University in Lennoxville, P.Q.

Quotations from the H B C Archives are made with permission of the Company.

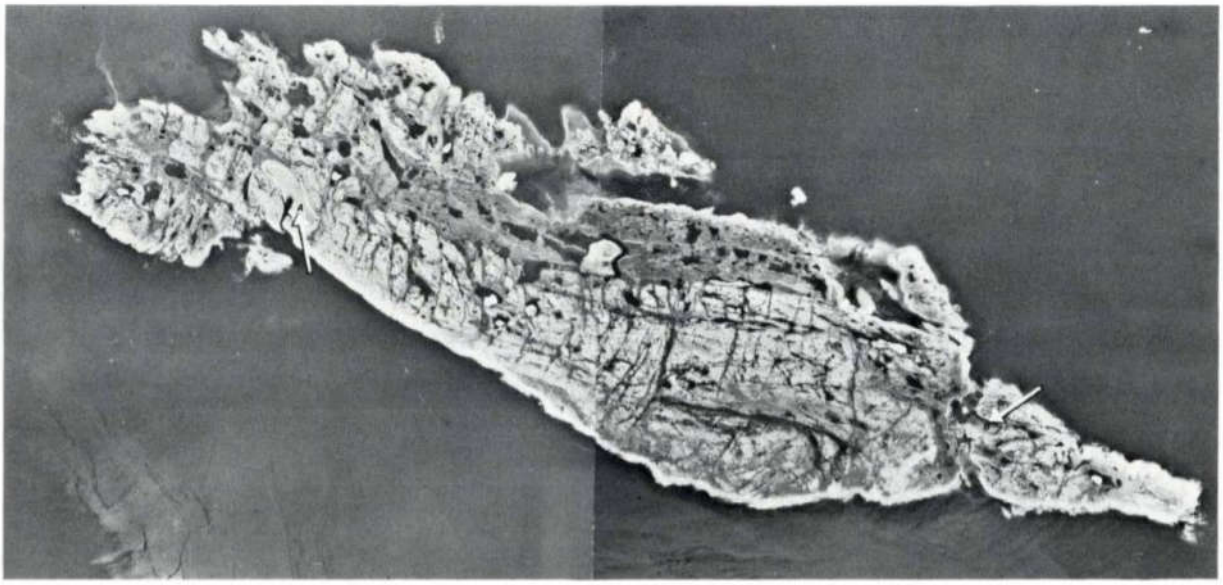
Part I – 1765 to 1772

THE MARBLE ISLAND WHALE FISHERY

THE EARLIEST WHALING VENTURE of the Company evolved from trading voyages. From 1750 on, vessels were sent northward from Churchill each summer to trade with northern Indians and Eskimos at Knapp's Bay, Nevill's Bay and Whale Cove. At these annual trade rendezvous the ships obtained caribou meat, walrus tusks, and the skins of wolf, wolverine, white fox, caribou, and polar bear. In addition, small quantities of whalebone (baleen) and whale oil were sometimes obtained. In the south these latter items occurred infrequently but at Whale Cove, the most northern of the three meeting places, Eskimos provided whale products on almost every occasion. The increasing frequency of trade in whalebone and oil as the ships reached higher latitudes may have indicated the potentialities of a whale fishery farther north. The northward voyage by sloop in 1763, which touched at Marble Island, certainly provided an additional impetus. The Committee in London read with interest William Christopher's journal reference to whales sporting in the harbour itself, and drafted instructions to Moses Norton at Churchill to provide whaling gear for subsequent northern voyages. These instructions missed the voyage of 1764 but were implemented in the following summer. As the *Churchill* sailed north for the usual trade rendezvous at Knapp's Bay in mid-July, 1765, her crew were fitting lines to whaling harpoons. And on board, whether by design or coincidence, was John Braden, described by the sloop master Magnus Johnston as 'a man that had been to groenland which tould me that he had Seen Several Whals Killd'.

Trading duties completed, the sloop came to anchor at Marble Island on 4 August in 'a very fine harbour . . . but Dificult to Come in to by reason of a readg of rocks than runs right A Cross y^{e} mouth of the Entreance'. This was the land-locked basin opposite Deadman Island on the island's southwest coast, which trading sloops and discovery vessels had used from time to time since 1722. For convenience and clarity it will be referred to in this article as West End Harbour. Marble Island's other protected anchorage, today called East End Harbour, remained unknown to Company sailors until 1767.

Fires set by the traders on the island attracted nine kayaks from the mainland, some ten miles away. In these small craft the Eskimos transported only a little venison and whalebone to trade, but Johnson urged them through his interpreter, an Eskimo woman named 'Doll', to return in the following summer, promising that 'in Case they Should be So looky as to kill a black Whale I would Trade It all from them and likewise pay them well for Ther Trobble'. Braden and four other men manned a whaleboat in search of whales on 9 August but none was sighted and, inexplicably, the sloop departed



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An aerial view of Marble Island showing the West End Harbour (a) full of ice in this photograph and the East End Harbour (b) where the Knight expedition of 1719 came to an end.

on the following day for Churchill. The Marble Island trade amounted to eighty-eight pounds of whalebone and about ten pounds of venison.

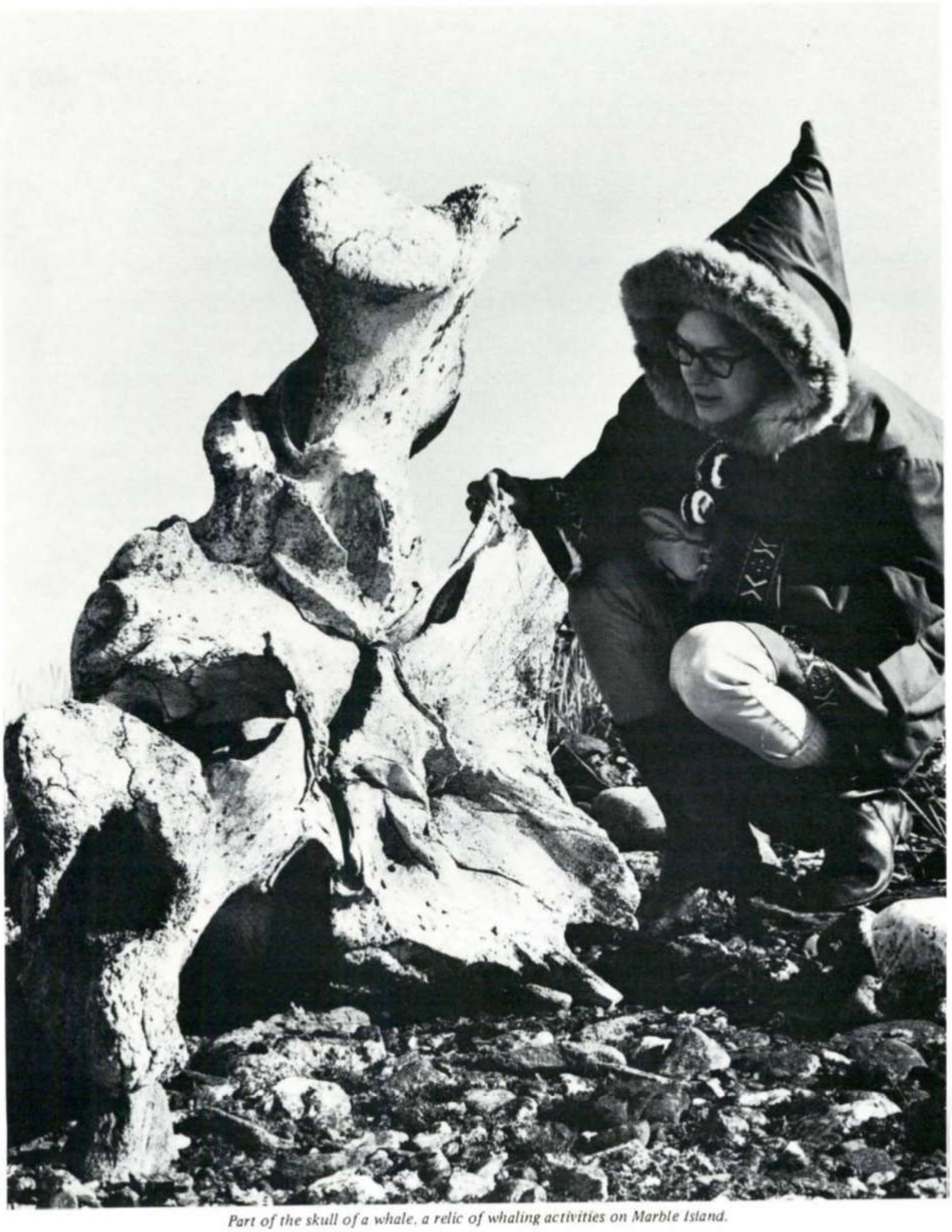
In 1766 the Company sent two ships north. The *Churchill* under Magnus Johnson was to trade with natives at the three coastal places while the sloop *Success* under John Garbut was dispatched directly to Marble Island 'on the black Whale Fishery'. With a crew of thirteen all told, the *Success* left Churchill on 19 July and was off Marble Island in five days. A boat sounded the way into West End Harbour, the sloop came in and anchored, and a beacon was set up on the west side of the entrance. Everything was made ready for whaling. When Eskimos arrived from the mainland the Captain 'gave them a Small Present & Told them to Bring Whale Bone &c'. From 27 July to 12 August two whaleboats cruised daily near the island and sighted more than forty-five whales. One of the boats struck a large whale whose bone [baleen] was estimated at nine or ten feet in length, but the harpoon drew and the whale escaped. During more than two weeks of cruising no whales were killed, but at least Garbut's voyage had clearly demonstrated that the animals were abundant around Marble Island.

The *Success* returned to Marble Island in 1767, under Joseph Stevens. The sloop remained in harbour while three boats cruised frequently. Whales were often sighted but they were difficult to approach. On one day the boats chased more than twenty whales 'but Could not get a Stroake at any, they were so Shie'. A harpoon struck and drew on 4 August and the total catch during more than three weeks of effort was one small whale of only five-foot bone.

If whaling was less than successful the summer of 1767 was at least remarkable for the discovery of East End Harbour and the grisly remains of a lost expedition of a half-century before. On 22 July boats from the *Success* entered the channel between Marble and Quartzite islands and found a spacious and protected anchorage. Much to their amazement the shore was littered with abundant evidence that a number of men had once wintered there and perished. The site was investigated more carefully on the following day and another visit was made in early August with the crew of the trading sloop *Churchill*. Their surveys revealed the ruins of a large house, some coal, a number of graves, ship's timbers, cables, anchors, cannons, shot, an anvil, a figurehead, various articles of apparel, and, beneath the waters of the harbour, the wrecks of two vessels. These were the last remains of James Knight's discovery expedition of 1719, scattered over the barren rocks of a small island in Hudson Bay, over 800 miles south of Lancaster Sound, where the Northwest Passage sought by Knight and other navigators of his century existed in fact.

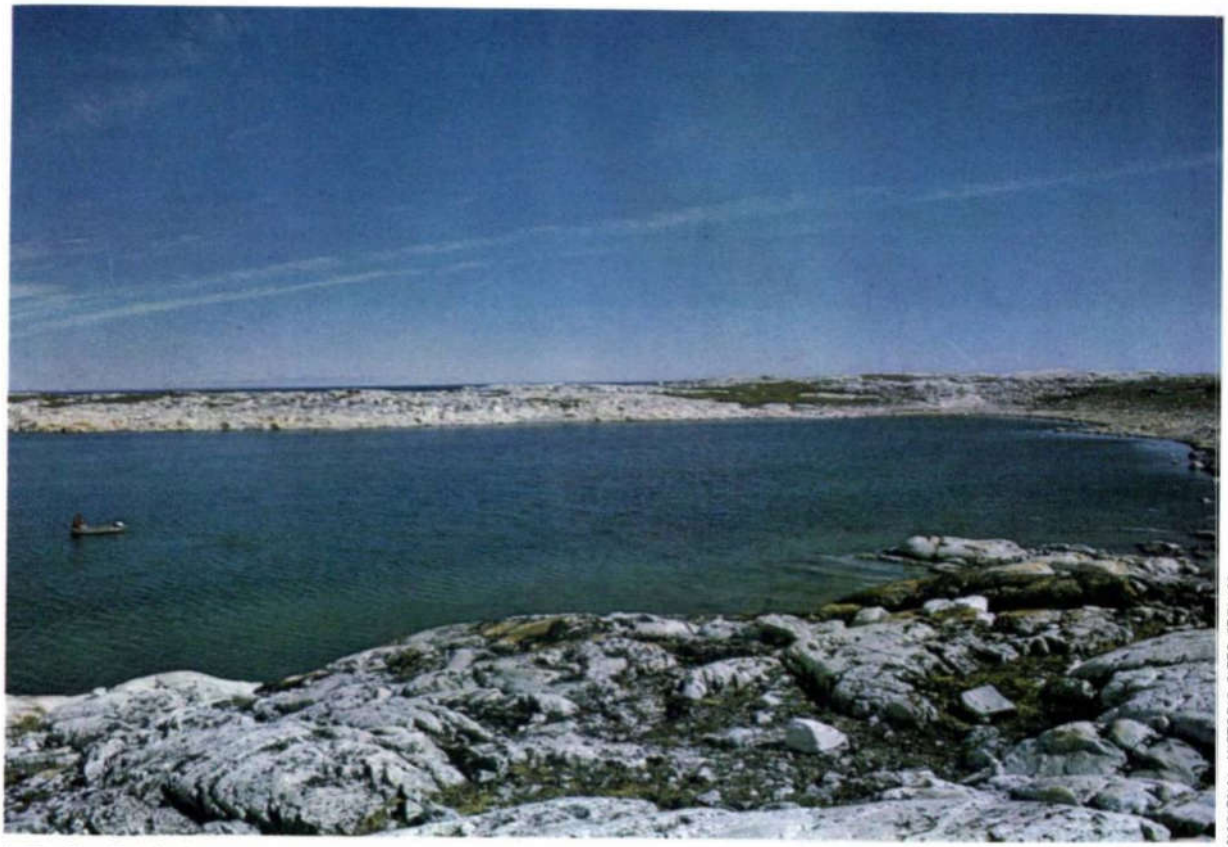
It had been accepted by 1722 that the expedition, numbering about fifty men, had met with disaster somewhere in northwestern Hudson Bay. The discovery of 1767 revealed precisely where the unfortunate explorers had perished.

In other parts of the world vessels exploiting virgin whaling grounds usually obtained high yields at first when whales were unaccustomed to intense predation, and only later, after the initial boom period, found the whales wary and hard to approach. The first few years of whaling at Marble Island do not fit this pattern. Whales



FRED BRUEMMER

Part of the skull of a whale, a relic of whaling activities on Marble Island.



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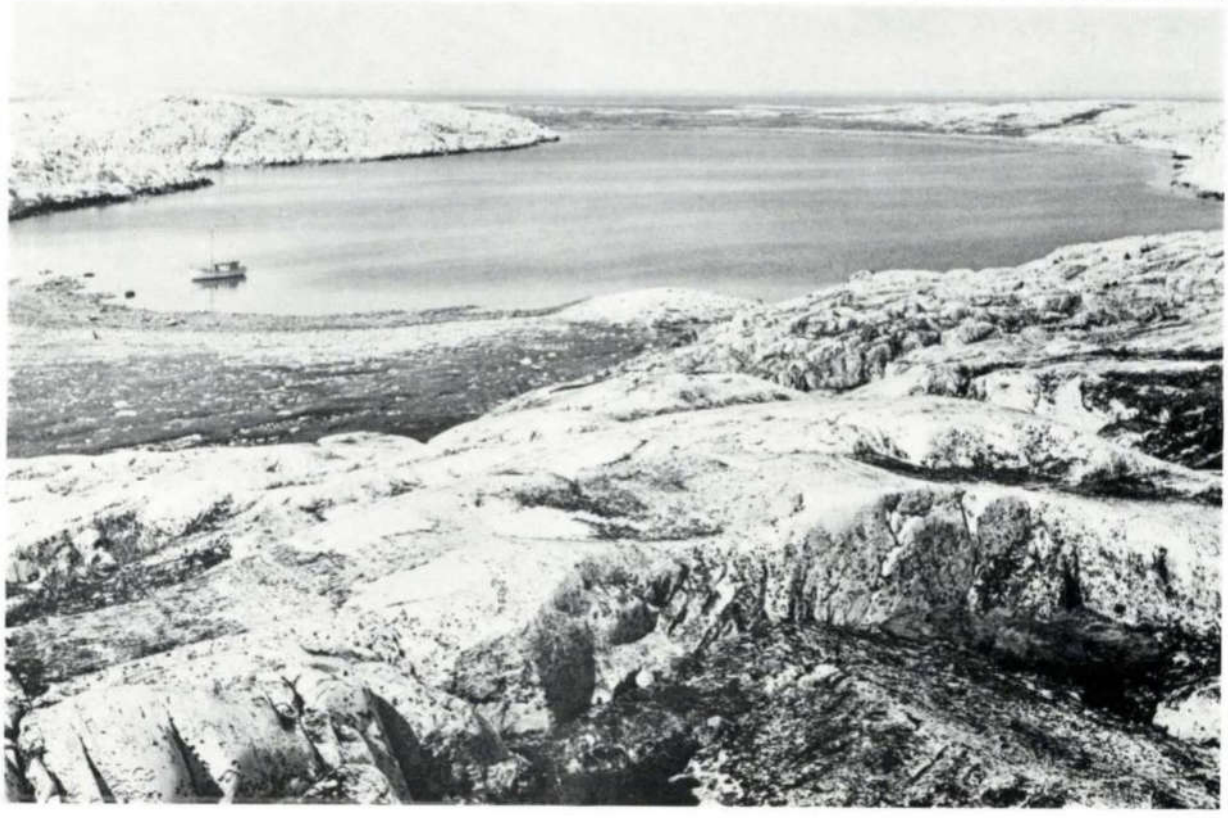
↑ *The East End Harbour. On the far bank, just right of centre is the sloping terrain where the remains of Knight's house was discovered. The small inflatable craft is anchored above the remains of Knight's ship.*

West End Harbour, used from time to time by Company trading sloops and discovery vessels from as early as 1722. ↓



FRED BRUEMMER

were described as shy, harpoons reaching the target frequently drew, and the kills were remarkably few. The explanation may be that the whaling crews were inexperienced or incompetent. They may have been careless in the approach when stealth was essential and inclined to strike with the harpoon at too great a range.

Logbooks reveal other factors which must have contributed to the failure of the early voyages. Whaling was carried out by boats while the sloop remained in the harbour as base, and the boats had to be self-sufficient while cruising for whales. They had to carry provisions and camping equipment, and in the estimation of Joseph Stevens 'it is not possible for so small a Vessell to Carry a Sufficiency & to stow her Casks, Whailing geer, People, &c.' In addition, the whaleboat crews encountered a fuel problem. When cooking on the coast of the barren island, which 'Dose not produce a Stick' they were forced to spend considerable time gathering driftwood for the fire. And, apparently poorly equipped for culinary tasks, they had to boil the kettle twice to make enough food for three crews, which 'made a Vast Consumptioon of y^{e} wood' and took up more time. The preparation of 'doboys' (dough-boys or dumplings) also took time and Stevens recommended the substitution of biscuit.

A meeting of Joseph Stevens and his three harpooners 'Concerning y^{e} probability of Carring on a good Fishery' reached agreement on several points.

There were plenty of whales near Marble Island, they decided, but the sloop remained there too short a time. An earlier departure from Churchill, however, was prevented by the necessity of putting the old vessel in good shape after the severe winter. For mutual assistance and to increase the chance of whale kills they agreed that two vessels should operate together. One vessel would anchor in the usual harbour (West End Harbour) and the other in the 'new' harbour (East End Harbour). Boats should cruise from these two bases.

In company with the trading sloop *Churchill*, the *Success* departed from Marble Island on 14 August 1767. The two ships arrived at Churchill twelve days later with 232 pounds of whalebone and some oil. Despite the modest returns there was a continued resolve to exploit the whale fishery.

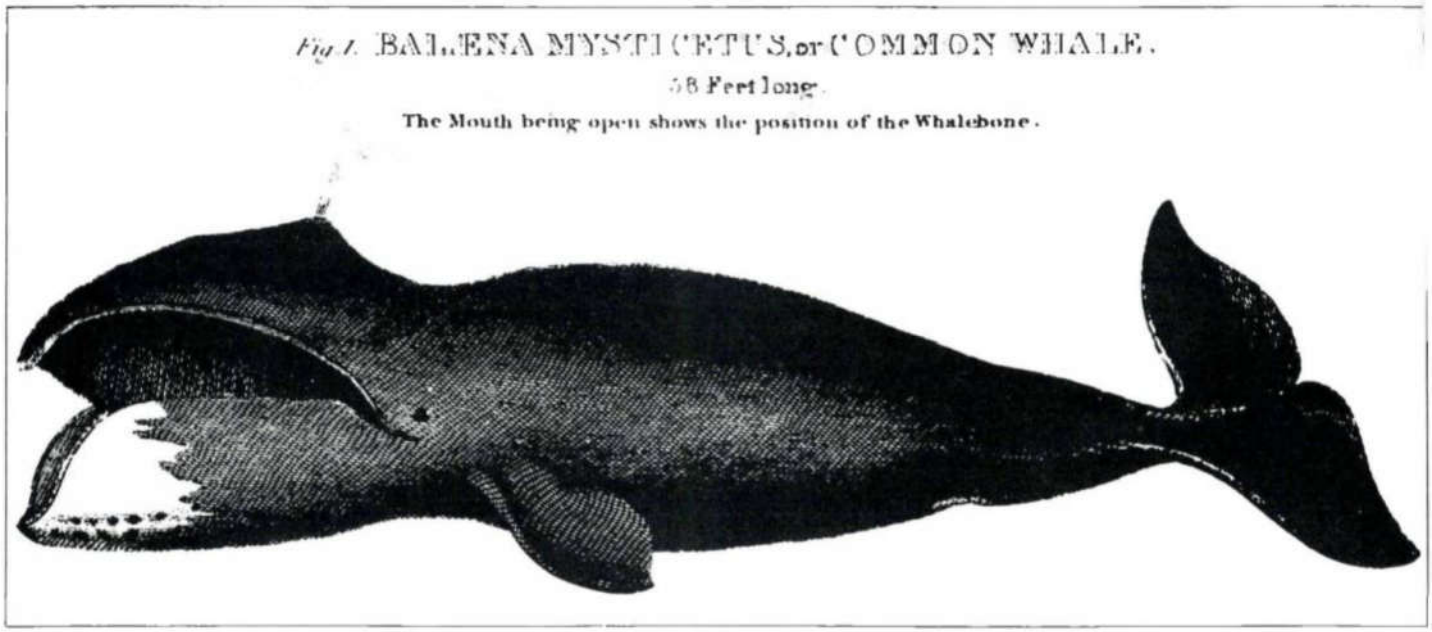
In the following spring, as the vessels were being outfitted at Churchill for northern work, there was the rare excitement of a whale appearing within a few miles of the post. Moses Norton alerted the harpooners: 'I told them that if they got y^{e} fish I would give them good encouragement, and that it Should not be a Dry one'. The whale was killed, towed to the post and flensed, yielding four tons of oil. It must have seemed a good omen. In this summer the recommendations of the master and harpooners of the *Success* were implemented and two vessels, the *Success* and the *Speedwell*, sailed north for whaling while the *Churchill* proceeded as usual on the coastal trading voyage.

The two whaling vessels were at Marble Island by 2 August. Adverse winds prevented the *Speedwell* from entering East End Harbour in accordance with the recommendations of the previous summer that the two ships occupy different harbours, and both vessels anchored instead in West End Harbour. From there 'y^{e} three boats & Crews went for y^{e} new Harbour on y^{e} NE end of y^{e} Iland Carring with them Tents, sales, Kittles, Beding, provissions, for [this?] weak &, with what harpoons & lanches [lances] the Harpooers thought Necessary'. With the two sloops securely anchored at the western end of Marble Island, whaleboats cruised from a camp on the eastern end of the island 'as it is chiefly there y^{e} fish resort'. A century later American whalers wintering at Marble Island employed a similar technique for spring whaling, combining a safe anchorage for the ships with a whaleboat camp as close as possible to the whales. Despite these ambitious innovations of 1768, however, the Company's crews obtained not a single whale. The sloops got under way from Marble Island on 18 August and arrived at Churchill in three days.

The year 1769 brought a new vessel, the brig *Charlotte*, to the whale fishery, and a new approach to catching whales. The ship was to lay off Marble Island constantly to intercept whales instead of remaining in harbour. After departure from Churchill the ship's harpooners opposed this course of action, emphasizing that in several voyages to Marble Island they had never observed whales more than a half-mile from shore, and that 'there Chief resort is off y^{e} Low Point of y^{e} NE End of the Island'. If the ship cruised constantly near the rocky coast there would be undue risk, and if it remained far offshore the boats would have too far to row to approach the whales. Stevens was advised by the harpooners that 'If I would go into y^{e} Harbour with y^{e} Vessel and Furnish them with y^{e} Common Nessecaries for them to go to y^{e} other Harbour they were of Opinion it would be by farr y^{e} Best for y^{e} Bennifitt of y^{e} Fishery.' Stevens bowed to their sentiments, brought the *Charlotte* to anchor in 'y^{e} Old Harbour' and sent boats out to establish a whaling camp on the east end of the island, as in the preceding season. The boats cruised for whales for three weeks, saw many large whales, struck one, but killed none.

The *Charlotte* sailed north again in 1770 with a crew of twenty-three, including three harpooners. Leaving Churchill on 18 July the vessel encountered unusually heavy concentrations of pack ice and after fifteen days of arduous boring and warping through the ice had attained a latitude of 59^{o} 34' N. Just before turning back for Churchill Joseph Stevens indicated in the logbook the frustrations of a series of northern whaling voyages:

> I now give over all hopes of the Voyge, and heartily Sorry am I that I ever should have Ingaged in so unsuccessfull an undertaking and do realy think one Year more would put me out of my Sences.



Sketch of the Greenland or bowhead whale. 1820. by William Scoresby, Junior.

Perhaps reluctant to contribute further to the loss of Joseph Stevens' senses, the Company placed Thomas Robinson in charge of the *Charlotte* in 1771. The ship left Churchill by 6 July and was anchored in West End Harbour at Marble Island by the 10th, the earliest arrival on record up to that time. Robinson sent boats to reconnoitre the east end of the island and after their return took the *Charlotte* out of harbour to carry out the fishery at sea. This method, which had been rejected by the harpooners in the previous summer, was no more to Robinson's liking:

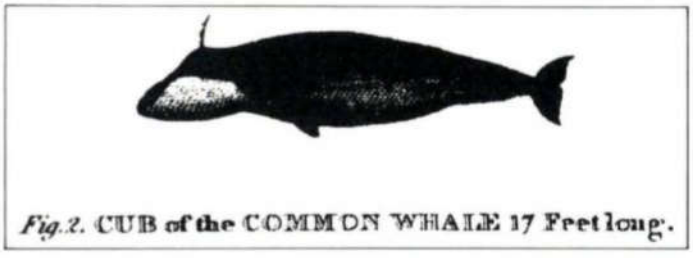
I fiend itt virey Ilconveniant to keep the Vessel under Way On the fishery Ass Can Man No More then three Boats And the fish Lying So Cloase in Shore Makes itt Dangerous of Lousing the Boats in Thick Wather.

Accordingly, he returned to the Old Harbour on 16 July and sent 'all the Boats A Way to the East End of the Island With Sails to Make them A tent'. This reversion to tried techniques was followed by a measure of success. A whale was killed on 21 July; another of six-foot bone was taken on 2 August; and a 'tollorable good fish' was secured on the fourth. Fifty-four casks were filled with oil and the whalebone amounted to 1329 pounds, with an additional 786 pounds obtained in Eskimo trade. Robinson optimistically concluded, 'Nothing Wanted to Make a fishery hear Butt More hands to Despatch'.

Thomas Robinson took the *Charlotte* north again in 1772, arriving at Marble Island by 13 July. Boats were sent to the east end of the island but a month of effort yielded only one small whale, despite numerous sightings. Sickness undermined the effectiveness of the crew during part of this period. All but two were 'Dangerisly Sick' on 12 August and one man died the following day.

This was the last year of the Company's whaling voyages to Marble Island. The returns had not justified the investment and effort. Nine voyages in eight years had yielded only five whales, most of which, according to Samuel Hearne,

were so small, that they would not have been deemed payable fish in the Greenland service. But the Hudson's Bay Company, with a liberality that does honour to them, though perfectly acquainted with the rules observed in the Greenland service, gave the same premium for a sucking fish, as for one of the greatest magnitude.



MARBLE ISLAND WHALING SEASON

1765 TO 1772

Year	Arrival	Departure	Duration of whaling (in days)
1765	Aug. 4	Aug. 10	6
1766	July 24	Aug. 12	19
1767	July 20	Aug. 14	25
1768	Aug. 2	Aug. 18	16
1769	July 19	Aug. 16	28
1770	-	-	-
1771	July 10	Aug. 11	32
1772	July 13	Aug. 13	31
Av.	July 22	Aug. 13	23

The whalebone obtained from the five whales and from Eskimo trade near Marble Island amounted to less than two tons. Yet the whaling venture had cost the Company the sum of £20,000, Hearne stated.

In view of the abundance of whales in northwest Hudson Bay and the striking success of the American whalers after 1860 one may wonder at the failure of the Company's efforts in the eighteenth century. Certainly the whalers spent too little time on the whaling grounds; the harpooners of the *Success* admitted this in 1767. None of the vessels stayed more than thirty-two days at Marble Island and the average for eight years was only about twenty-three days. By comparison, American whalers in the nineteenth century, after battling Hudson Strait pack ice for several weeks, did not generally arrive on the whaling grounds until mid-August (the time when Company whalers a century earlier were terminating their whaling operations and departing for Churchill) and they then proceeded to chase whales for another three to six weeks before taking up winter quarters in late September. The Company's sailors, conscious of the limitations of their smaller vessels, were clearly reluctant to linger beyond mid-August, for, in the words of one sloop master 'it is frequently hard gales of wind about this time of the year.'

In addition to quitting the whaling grounds too early the Company whalers probably erred in confining their whaling activities to the waters around Marble Island, a policy which failed to take into account the northward migration of whales from mid-May onwards. The paucity of sightings in 1765 and 1768 could reflect the fact that most whales were already further north. Better results might have been obtained if the vessels had cruised in Roes Welcome Sound, lowering whaleboats when whales were sighted. This technique was to be employed later by the majority of American whalers, including those who wintered at Marble Island, as soon as their ships were released from the grip of harbour ice.

The following factors may have undermined the effectiveness of whaleboat operations around Marble Island: the difficulty of relying on driftwood for cooking; the lack of adequate tents and camping equipment; the unsuitability of certain foods; bad drinking water, which was thought to be the cause of 'griping the Bowls And a pane in the Breast' among the men in 1771; illness which disabled all but two of the complement in 1772 and claimed one life; inexperience; and possibly, bad leadership. Joseph Stevens, who commanded four of the whaling expeditions, was described by Samuel Hearne as 'the man of the least merit I ever knew'.

Whatever the reasons, the experiment with bowhead whaling had failed, and almost a century was to pass before the Hudson's Bay Company sent another vessel into northwest Hudson Bay after whales. ◆

Samuel Hearne who was mate aboard the sloop 'Churchill' in 1767 when the remains of the Knight expedition were discovered in the East End Harbour.

Pond Inlet grandmother.

POND INLET

SKETCHES BY SUSAN ROSS

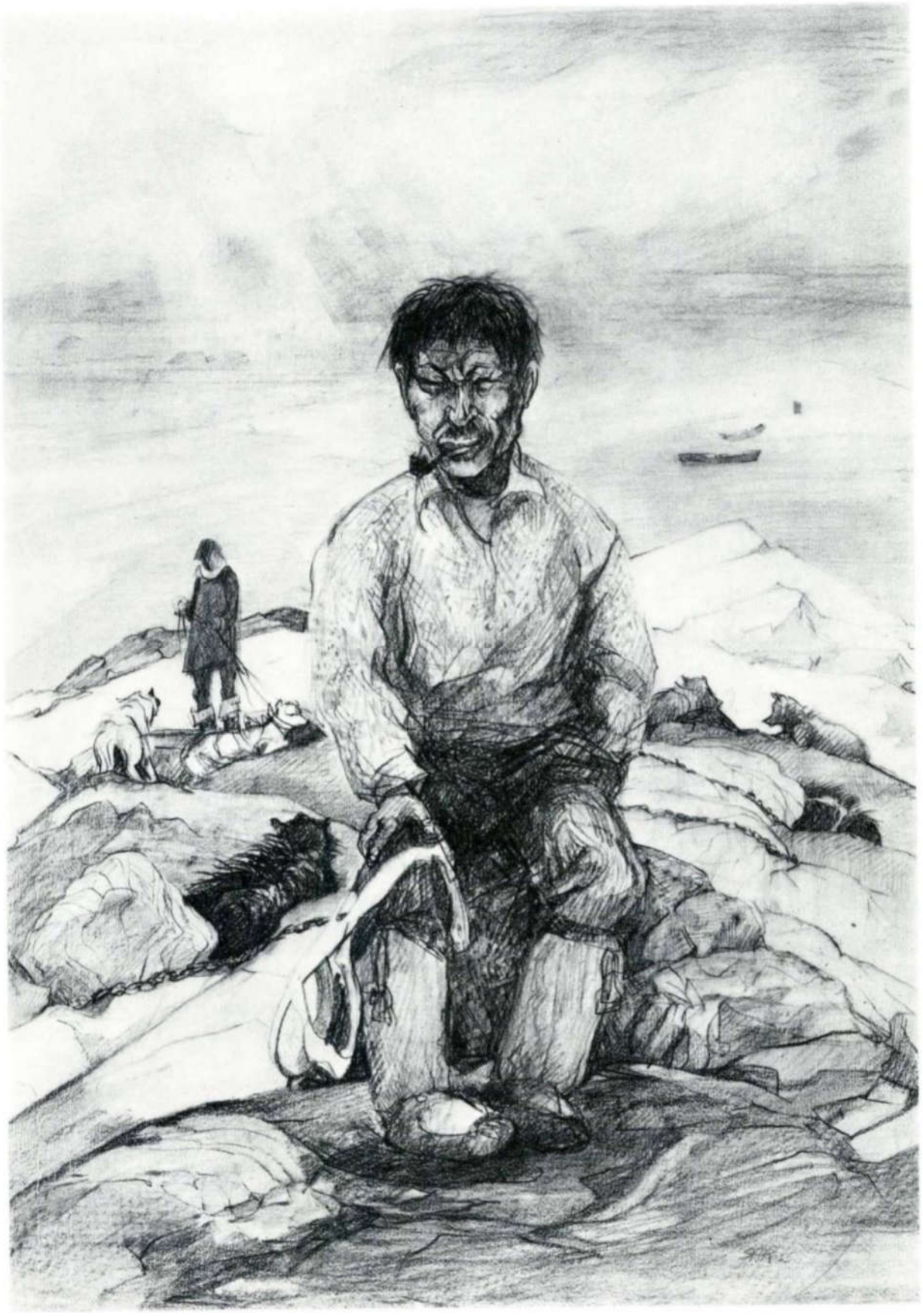
In the summer 1971, Susan Ross whose husband is a judge in Thunder Bay, Ontario, took her sketch book to the Arctic. Here are some of the people of Pond Inlet on North Baffin Island.

Her companion, Sheila Burnford, tells the story of their northern journey in her recently published book, *One Woman's Arctic.*

Mother and children watch for the return of the narwhal hunters down Admiralty Inlet.

Pond Inlet housewife uses her ulu to scrape down a sealskin before washing and stretching it.

Jobee, on the site of the archaeological dig worked by Father Guy Mary-Rousselière at Button Point on Bylot Island.



SOCIÉTÉ HISTORICAL DE SAINT-BONIFACE

Bishop Provencher.

THE DOCUMENT which follows was discovered in 1971 in the archives of the Propaganda of the Faith in the Vatican in Rome. In form, it is a report submitted to the Propaganda by Bishop Joseph Norbert Provencher of the Red River Colony in 1836. Provencher was in Europe to raise funds for the support of his missionary endeavours in the North West. As was customary, he accompanied his request for assistance with a detailed résumé of his activities and a history of his mission.

Joseph Norbert Provencher was born at Nicolet in the Old Province of Quebec on 12 February 1787. He was educated at the local seminary and was ordained a priest in 1811. J.-O. Plessis, Bishop of Quebec, in response to entreaties from the North West Company and Lord Selkirk, sent Provencher and S. J. N. Dumoulin to the struggling colony of Red River in 1818. Provencher immediately built a primitive church and a mission school which later developed into the College of St. Boniface. In 1820, he was appointed Suffragan Bishop to the Bishop of Quebec and Vicar Apostolic of the North West with the title of Bishop of Juliopolis, *in partibus infidelium.* Provencher was named the first Bishop of St. Boniface when the diocese was erected in 1847. He died there on 7 June 1853.

During his years in the west he depended heavily on outside financial support to augment the donations he received from the Hudson's Bay Company. The needs of his vast mission were great and he undertook a journey to Europe in 1835-36 to solicit additional funds. This was the occasion of the account of Red River colony which was written in Rome. There are minor inaccuracies in the text since Provencher had to rely on memory and was unable to corroborate his recollections. Of most interest are details of the early years of the colony and Provencher's account of his relations with the H B C.

J. E. REA

Professor J. E. Rea is with the Department of History, University of Manitoba. Translation of the document is by J. R. Turnbull, lecturer in history at the university.

SELKIRK PAPERS, PAC

'View of the Roman Catholic Church, Red River Colony, 1823', drawn by William Kempt of the H B C.

Memoir or Account

On the establishment of the Red River mission, and its progress since 1818. Presented to the Propaganda, March 12, 1836, by J. N. Provencher, Bishop of Juliopolis.

THE RED RIVER COLONY dates back only to 1812. It owes its existence to a Scottish *seigneur*, Lord Selkirk. In 1811, this *seigneur* purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, in London, a vast tract of land in the vicinity of Lake Winipic [sic], into which the Red River flows. The following year, 1812, he sent out the first settlers from Scotland. From its beginning this colony was at loggerheads with the North West Company who traded in furs out of Montreal. These dissensions led, in June of 1814 [1816], to a combat in which 19 colonists were killed; the Governor of the colony, Mr. Semple, was among the dead. Following this battle, the colony was dispersed; several families were transported to Upper Canada by the North West Company; the rest took refuge at lower Lake Winipic, returning to Red River the same year. Lord Selkirk, on being informed of the plight of his colony, came out to Montreal with his family in 1815. Proceedings, appalling in the costs they entailed, were undertaken against the North West Company; the case echoed through the courts of Lower and Upper Canada for several years without final judgement. It was then taken to the Exchequer [Court] in England where it has remained without settlement. The two Companies of Hudson's Bay and the North West amalgamated in 1821 under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company; then the British Parliament gave the Company a charter granting it exclusive trading rights to all the territory whose waters drain into Hudson's [sic] and James Bay [these had been granted in the original charter of 1670]. This amalgamation brought peace to the country.

Lord Selkirk did not remain idle in Montreal; apart from his legal proceedings which he vigorously pressed, he made the trip to Red River. He left [Montreal] in 1816 and made his way to Fort William on Lake Superior. There he passed the winter. This fort was the junction point for all the North West Company's trade. In 1817, Lord Selkirk moved on to Red River with the commissioners whom the Government had appointed to make inquiries on the spot. It was not difficult for him to see that the Métis and others who had done so much harm to his colony were lacking in moral principles and therefore in need of instruction. Lord Selkirk had several Catholic settlers sign a petition to the Bishop of Quebec asking for priests. He left the country towards autumn, made his way to St. Louis on the Mississippi and from there to Montreal, crossing the United States.

At the beginning of January 1818, he put forward the request for missionaries for his colony through the Governor [sic] of Canada. The Bishop of Quebec, J.-O. Plessis, did not let slip such a fine opportunity to have the torch of the faith shine brightly in those remote parts of his immense diocese. I was placed at the head of this newborn mission. I was accompanied by a priest and young ecclesiastic who acted as a catechist. We left

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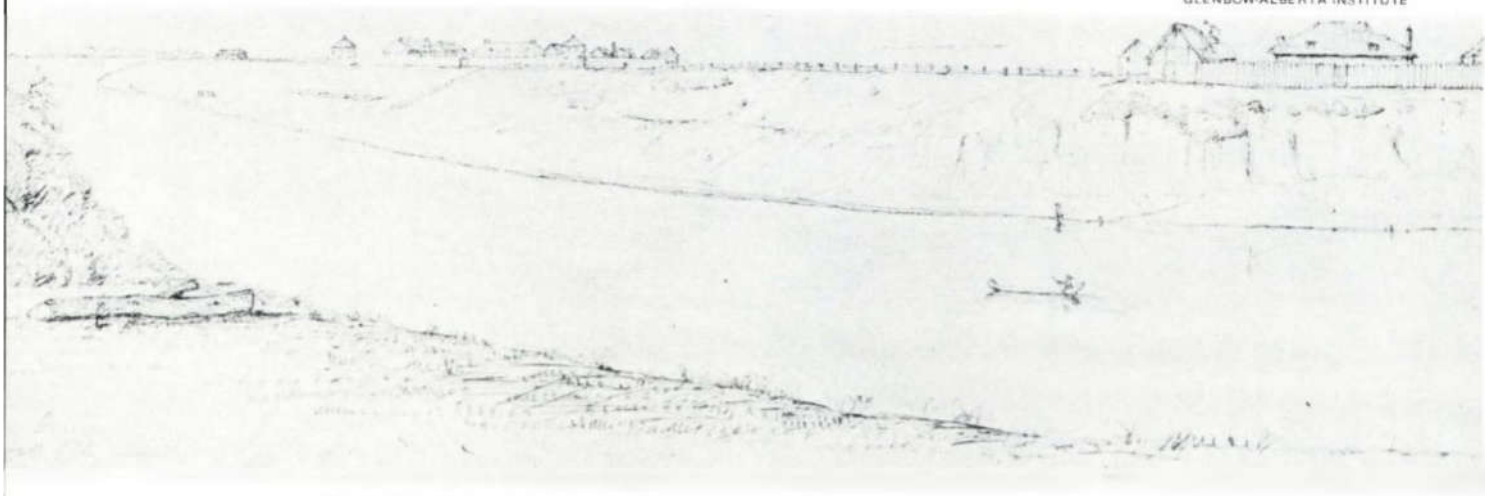


A pen and ink sketch by George Finlay dated June 11, 1847. Upper Fort Garry (left) on the Assiniboine River was built in the 1830s, and on the right, facing the Red River is probably the remains of the North West Company Fort Gibraltar, taken over by the H B C in 1821 and renamed Fort Garry in 1822.

Montreal on the 19th of May and arrived in Red River on the 16th of July 1818. We found the colony in a sorry state; everyone lived on fish or buffalo meat, dried either by the sun or by fire, and the meat had to be procured from very far away. Although we dined at the table of the Governor of the colony, we were no better off than the others. We never saw bread, a situation which would last for six or seven years.

In the midst of our privations our eyes beheld the future harvest which had the most attractive appearance although small in quantity, but the third day of August a cloud of grasshoppers rained down, covering the earth and devouring all the crops. Furthermore, they laid their eggs in the ground and in the spring of 1819 all these eggs produced as many little grasshoppers, which came out of the ground about the size of fleas and covered the surface. Nothing could stop them growing; they chewed up every kind of vegetation. By the end of July they had attained their full size and had their wings. Then, when a wind came along that pleased them, they rose up in the air like a thick cloud and disappeared. That year there was no harvest at all. The following year, 1820, everyone sowed confidently and the grain had the most beautiful appearance; then on the 26th of July there fell from the sky as great a number of grasshoppers as in 1818. They created the same havoc and laid their eggs in the ground, so that 1821 saw us obliged to raise again this disagreeable family, of which we were not delivered until the month of August. That made four years in which we could harvest neither grain nor vegetables, but the grasshoppers have not come back since. After the grasshoppers, an infinite number of mice came to ravage our little fields once more. At the end of all these calamities there was no more seed grain in the country; we were forced, at enormous expense, to send for some to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi; to complete our misfortunes, the grain arrived too late to be sown that year.

During the years 1824 and 1825 there were no more of these devastating plagues and the harvests were quite abundant. The winter of 1825-1826 was one of the hardest I have seen in this country: it began with a heavy snowfall on the fifteenth of October and the cold remained intense. In the spring this great quantity of snow melted suddenly and caused a frightful inundation; the water rose about thirty feet above the low water level [of summer]. Two or three leagues of country were drowned on either bank of the river; all the colonists' houses were carried away either by ice or by the torrent of water. The water rose gradually from the end of April until the twentieth of May; it subsided gradually until the twentieth of June when the river began to return to its bed. It was too late for sowing. This flood was the last of our afflictions, but its consequences were felt for several years. One group of colonists left the country to settle in Canada or the United States; others betook themselves to hunting and fishing country in order to survive with their families. Little by little, they built houses and once again reunited on the banks of the Red River. No one died in the flood. The country has recovered from all these misfortunes. The soil which is fertile produces wheat, barley, oats, peas, and all the vegetables; unfortunately the women who are all Métis or Indian do not know how to make either linen or shrouds to clothe the family; they must have recourse to the stores of the Hudson's Bay Company for these costly materials.

Charged by the Bishop of Quebec with ministering to the colony of Red River and spreading the knowledge of God wherever I could, I found on my arrival in this land that the colony was divided in two. One part was on the river below St. Boniface; that was the true seat of settlement. I took up my residence there and worked to instruct the wives and children of the Christians of this land. They had to be taught Christian prayers and the

catechism, etc., which no one other than ourselves could do, since not one of them could read. This post, which was the least populous then, especially in Catholics, has since become the most populous. Mr [Sévère J. N.] Dumoulin, my companion, was charged with the instruction of the other section of the population which was found some twenty leagues from St. Boniface at a place called Pembina. He was responsible for the entrance into the bosom of the church of a goodly number of infidels who loved him like a father. He built a chapel, a house, and a school. The whole thing was never finished because, through new treaties between the United States and Great Britain, the Pembina post was found to be in the United States. It had to be abandoned, and all the monies that had been expended there were lost; this happened in 1823. The people stubbornly remained at Pembina; the following year, however, in 1824 a group of them established themselves five leagues from St. Boniface on the Assiniboine River which drains into the Red River opposite the St. Boniface church. This new settlement bears the name of *Prairie du cheval blanc* [approximately 20 miles west of Winnipeg] and has for its patron saint St Francis Xavier, who had been the patron saint of Pembina. At first a priest from St. Boniface visited them from time to time; in 1827 a small chapel was built there; when it became too small another was built, 80 feet by 34, in 1832. Mass has been said there since Christmas of 1833 although the chapel is little more than a shed. A priest, Mr Charles Poiré, was placed there as resident in the autumn of 1834; he knew the Indian tongue well enough to hear confessions and expound Christian doctrine.

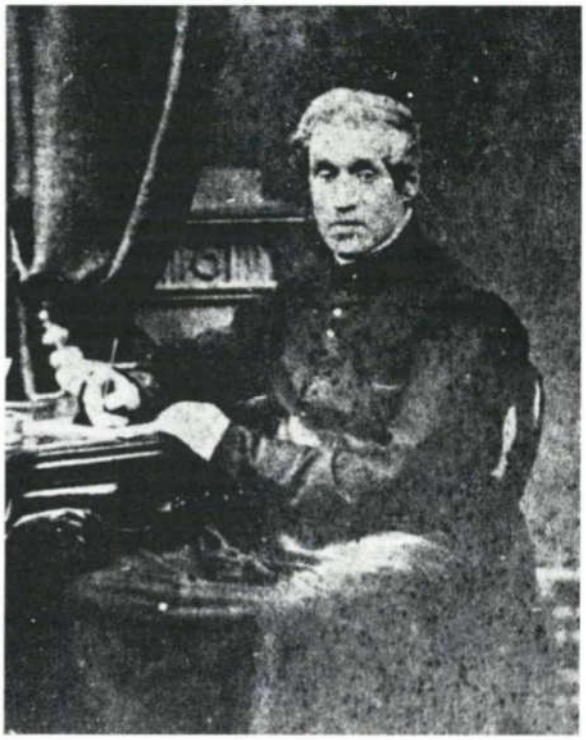
Five leagues farther up on the same river is an Indian mission begun in 1833. Mr G. A. Belcourt, who arrived in the land in 1831 is in charge of this mission; he understands and speaks easily the tongue of the *Sauteurs* (pronounced *Sauteux*) or Odjibwa. About two hundred of this tribe have decided to become Christians. Several among them are taking instruction, a small number have been admitted to baptism, because the missionary tries to assure himself first of the sincerity of their conversion, so that the first ones to join the ranks of the Christians may serve as models to the others by their reliability. It was necessary to establish a meeting place for these wandering nomads. Poverty and the cold climate do not allow them to live in villages. They have given up several of their prejudices against the Christian religion: they very easily allow their young children to be baptized, something they did not permit for several years. The women would embrace the faith without difficulty but neither the women nor the young people will ever put a foot forward without the decision of the elders of the tribe. Several of them are held back by polygamy; they would consent soon enough to have only one wife, provided they were left with the youngest, but she is not the first wife. There is hope that the faith will enter little by little into these hardened hearts.

There would be ways of founding many other missions in the immense district for which I am respon-

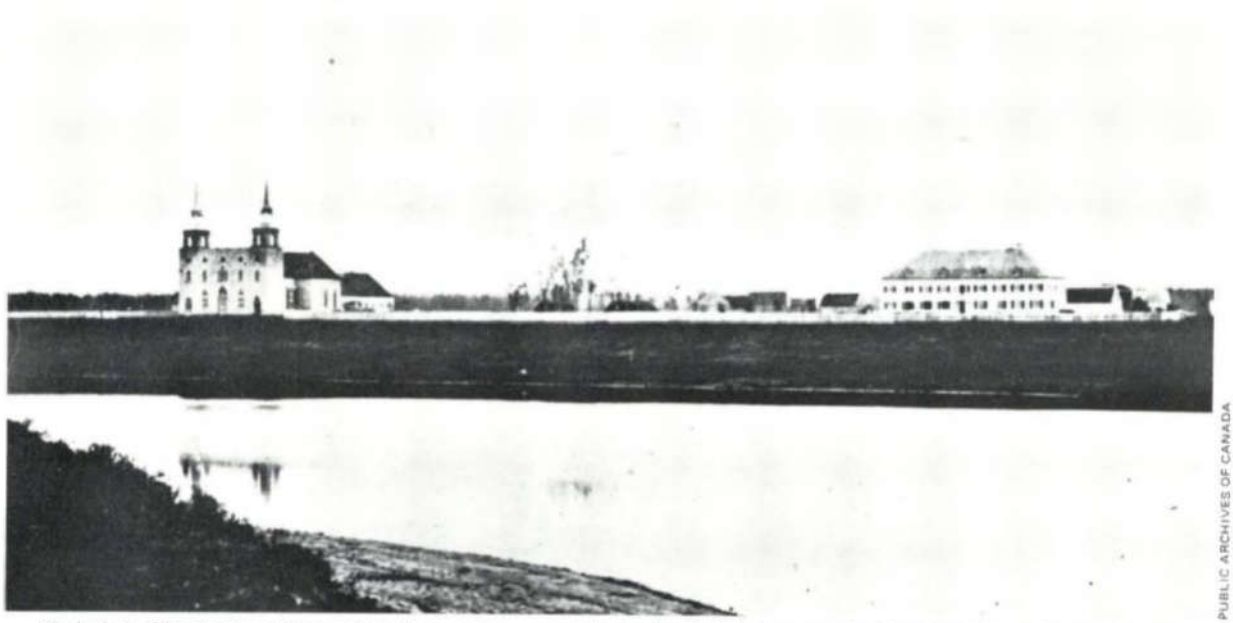
Mgr Charles-Edouard Poiré.

SOCIÉTÉ HISTORICAL DE SAINT-BONIFACE

Abbé Georges Antoine Belcourt.



SOCIÉTÉ HISTORICAL DE SAINT-BONIFACE



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

'Cathedral of St. Boniface (Roman Catholic) and Nunnery on the banks of Red River opposite Fort Garry', by H. L. Hime, 1858.

sible, but any missionaries must be assured of some means of clothing themselves and even of securing food, for the Indians feel they do enough in listening to them – a goal the missionaries do not always achieve among them. In all these lands of the north there is an abundant harvest of souls although difficult to reap, and always a shortage of labourers which means that the labourer cannot be given the wage so justly merited. Alone with one priest until 1831 and without any money, it was impossible for me to try to plant the faith afar off. Now I have three priests, two of whom are responsible for the two places I have just described. The third, Mr Jbte. [Jean-Baptiste] Thibault, was ordained in this country where he arrived in 1833: he speaks the Indian tongue quite passably and currently ministers to St. Boniface. These three priests are Canadians, for the English do not wish to admit any from other countries. My main mission and that which is my residence is situated on the right bank of the Red River, directly across from the mouth of the Assiniboine River; this latter river, which comes from the west, flows into the Red River opposite the St. Boniface church which is my cathedral. The Red River comes from the south; in its course a multitude of small rivers flow into it, all coming out of the immense plains which border it on both sides. The Red River drains into Lake Winipic.

The house which I built in 1818, and which was not finished for a long time thereafter, serves me as a home, a chapel, and a school. In 1820 a chapel 80 feet by 34 was built of wood; it was not protected from the rain and the snow until 1825. This chapel still exists and serves me as a cathedral. In 1820 I went down to Quebec to report on my mission. The Bishop of Quebec, J.-O. Plessis, arrived at that time from Rome where he had journeyed in 1819 on diocesan business, in particular to see that the diocese be divided. With the approbation of the Holy See five dioceses were created out of what remained of the diocese of Quebec, for Nova Scotia had been separated several years before. Halifax, which is its capital, had been raised to an apostolic vicariate. These five dioceses were Charlottetown in New Brunswick [sic], Quebec, Montreal, Kingston in Upper Canada and the territory of Hudson's Bay which is commonly called the district of the North West. I was put forward as first Bishop of this district on February 1, 1820. As the spring of 1821 was the time when the two Companies, the North West and the Hudson's Bay, were amalgamated, my consecration was deferred until May 12, 1822 in order to have time to see what turning things would take in Red River. I left for my mission on June first of the same year and arrived at my destination the 7th of August. During my stay in Canada I had acted as *curé* in the district of Three Rivers. I had put aside, as much as possible, the revenues of this parish so that on my return [to Red River] I should have some means of doing good, but, by some misunderstanding, my passage, which had hitherto been granted gratis in the canoes of the [Hudson's Bay] Company, was refused me at the moment of departure. I was obliged to pay my own expenses so that I spent all that I had and found myself absolutely penniless upon arrival. Since that time the Company has always granted me and my missionaries free passage.

In 1829 I built a stone house as my dwelling; this house was 45 feet by 35: it was the first stone building in the country. Unfortunately it is not very solid. In 1830 I went down to Canada for two reasons: the first was to find a priest who would devote himself com-

pletely to the study of the Indian language and then to their instruction. This I found in the person of Mr Belcourt, who is now at the head of a mission set up exclusively for the Indians, as I have said previously. The second purpose was to raise a subscription among the clergy and people of Lower Canada to assist me in building a stone church. I found the clergy to be generous, although this was the third time that such a subscription had been made for the maintenance of this mission. That same year of 1830 the council of the Hudson's Bay Company allocated me one hundred pounds sterling to help build the church and did so of their own accord. I spent the winter in Quebec, and on the 26th of April, 1831, left Montreal to return to Red River where I arrived the 17th of June. I had counted on the services of the one mason in the territory sufficiently skilled to supervise the construction of my church, but upon my arrival found him employed by the Company which had begun to build a stone house. It was necessary to put matters off for a year and bring masons from Montreal, so that I could not lay the foundations of my church until the month of June 1832. This church is 100 feet long and 43 wide inside. It is situated on a lot of 25 acres donated by Lord Selkirk. This Church on which I have work done each year according to my means is not yet finished; its walls, perhaps, will be completed during the course of the coming summer of 1836. My subscription from Canada, to which is added the gifts of the faithful of Lyon who began to allocate me a part of their annual distributions in 1830, is not employed solely in the construction of this Church. With this money I must look after the needs of three priests and of two women who speak both French and Indian and who for eight or nine years past have been teaching the little girls to read and the catechism to all persons of their sex, either in French or in Indian. Two schoolmasters must also be paid from this money, and the necessary books for these schools must be brought from Europe. In addition, the chapels, houses, etc., constructed for the two other missions I have mentioned, absorb a part of the money which has been put in my trust. Finding myself at the end of my financial resources by the end of 1834, I decided to travel through Europe to make known in person the needs of my missions and the prospect of the good to be done in these northern regions. Some time after I had planned this journey, I received a petition from a certain number of Canadians and others, former servants of the Company; these Christians, whose wives and children are not of the faith, asked me for priests to instruct them. They live in the region of the Columbia River which comes down from the Rocky Mountains and flows into the Pacific Ocean. The Governor of the Company [George Simpson], to whom I showed this petition, immediately accorded me free passage to transport priests this great distance, but with the proviso that they be Canadians. So many things arranging themselves, so to speak, encouraged me to undertake so long a journey and one for which I felt no attraction. I left Red River on the 17th of August 1835 and arrived in Montreal on the 12th of October. I then saw the Bishop of Quebec concerning this proposed mission on the shores of the Pacific. Since this territory, at least in large part, seems to be within the confines of the diocese of Quebec, according to the Bull of erection of this Bishopric, [a fact] that the Bishop of Quebec acknowledges in a memoir presented to the Propaganda on the 17th of November 1819, the Bishop of Quebec decided to send two priests there. They should leave in the month of April of this current year. To make life easier for these missionaries and to expand the faith over this land inhabited only by Indians, the Bishop of Quebec has asked the Holy See to join it to my district and put it under my jurisdiction. It comprises all the territory on the far side of the Rocky Mountains where no recognized line demarcates or separates the territory of the United States from that of Great Britain, as well as the immense Indian territory which adjoins my district where the 49th parallel is the border with the United States. This recognized line extends only to the Rocky Mountains. The immense extent of territory along the Pacific Ocean from Mexico to the North has never been visited by Catholic missionaries. [There were numerous missions established by the Spanish north of Mexico.] Unfortunately, there is a Methodist minister there who has been in the country for three years, so that it is urgent that we send out these priests with broad powers so that they will not be hampered in the exercise of their

'A Savage of the Sautoux Indians on the Red River' by P. Rindisbacher.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

ministry in a country where it takes at least three years to receive directives from Rome. Trustworthy people whom I have seen give a splendid idea of this country where all cereal crops and even fruits from warmer lands succeed very well. Probably in the future it will become necessary to install a Bishop there; one must wait for the reports of the missionaries. With the aid of God, I propose to visit this country myself in three or four years. The missionaries who leave in April have instructions to devote their spiritual attention first to the Christians of the country whose wives and children are not of the faith, at the same time applying themselves to the study of the country's languages. The Governor of the Company has assured me that he will give orders to ensure that the priests will not lack for necessities.

Red River, which is the popular name for this area which is also called Assiniboia, is a land of plains; wood is found only on the banks of rivers, so that one can ride or even go by wagon to the Mississippi, to the Missouri and even, so they say, right to the Pacific Ocean. On these immense plains there are different Indian tribes who live by hunting the wild animals who roam the plains, especially the very large herds of buffalo. Every year, twice a summer, four or five hundred carts belonging to the colonists go out to load up with the meat of these animals; they cut it into strips and dry it either by fire or by the sun; it takes the meat of ten cows to make a load for one cart. This meat is the basic food of the settlers in the country; the greater part is bought by the Hudson's Bay Company as provisions or stores for its employees in the areas of the north that lack this resource.

The climate of this country is healthy; the cold in winter goes down to 35 degrees *Réaumur;* the frost begins to become apparent about the beginning of September. From the second to the seventeenth of this month are the earliest and latest dates (for frost) that I have witnessed since 1818. Snow covers the ground towards the fifteenth of November; twice I have seen it fall heavily on the 15th of October. It has always melted by the tenth of April, but the frost, cold winds, etc. are felt for the rest of that month and the greater part of the month of May. The season of great heat is between the 15th of June and the 15th of August. The long cold spells of spring will always constitute an insurmountable obstacle to the growth of vines, apple trees, pear trees, etc. The large lakes of this region teem with fish; as soon as the ice is gone from the rivers flowing into these lakes the fish come upstream in shoals so that those who live on the banks of these rivers can easily, either with nets or hooks, find sustenance in the waters. On the approach of winter, the fish descend the rivers and return to the lakes; then the rivers no longer furnish fish.

Rome, March 12, 1836.

+J. N. BISHOP OF JULIOPOLIS.

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS ON THE PREVIOUS MEMOIR

The Red River mission got its first impetus from a subscription circulated in Canada on the recommendation of the Bishop of Quebec in 1818. The costs of transport and those necessary to furnish two chapels etc. used up all this subscription so that there was absolutely nothing left when I arrived in Montreal in October of 1820. I therefore borrowed a few *piastres* to buy me a soutane, shoes, and a hat. While waiting for these three articles I was obliged to remain in my lodgings, for such was the poor condition of those they would replace. Compelled to bear the expense of my return journey after my consecration in 1822, I spent all that I had saved from the revenues of my parish which I had served for eighteen months. Arriving in Red River without a penny, I found myself reduced to a state of poverty which would have been degrading if suffered in another cause.

Until 1822 the Company advanced, on credit, to the colonists, the necessities on the responsibility of Lord Selkirk. That is to say that the bill for advances made to the colonists was presented to Lord Selkirk in England. He paid the Company and then waited himself until the colonists had the means to repay him his advances in produce of the country or otherwise.

In 1822 the Company put paper money into circulation* and ceased to advance credit to the colonists, who since that time have paid cash for their purchases at the store.

Finding myself obliged to pay cash and having no money either in the country or elsewhere, I saw myself obliged to do without everything, However, the Governor of the Company, having noticed that I was buying nothing, let me know that I need not forego everything in the store and that I should take whatever was necessary. I replied that since I had no means of payment I dared not take a thing. Then he had the politeness to inform me that I should take whatever I needed and that I could pay whenever able. I then acquired a small quantity of articles which could really be considered as suitable for hiding my poverty rather than supplying the needs of my household.

In 1823 Mr Dumoulin, my first companion, returned to Canada and took up a parish; he addressed the clergy upon his return and gave them an account of the mission, making it plain that the mission held out more hope of success than people then appeared to believe. At the same time he asked for help to maintain it and succeeded in getting some. This was the second public subscription in Canada; the third was that which I organized in 1831.

*The Company put one-pound promissory notes and five-shilling promissory notes into circulation at the Red River settlement in 1823.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ARCHIVES

'Indians travelling in Winter', from the 1840 diary of Isobel Finlayson, sister-in-law to Governor George Simpson.

In 1825 the Governor of the Company, who had passed the previous winter at Red River, became more aware of my needs and tried to supply them. He had me allocated annually 50 pounds sterling by the Company Council, which ordinarily meets at York Factory on Hudson's Bay. There was also an allocation of a certain amount of tea, sugar, coffee, etc. which has been continued ever since.

In the month of June 1835, the Company Council, held at Red River, raised to an annual 100 pounds sterling the sum of 50 which I had been receiving since 1825. It also gave, on a one-time basis, 100 pounds sterling to help complete my Church. That made a total of 200 pounds sterling voted for this building, including the 100 pounds voted in 1829. These generous gifts were made by the Company of its own free will without any request on my part. It is pleasant to note that with the exception of four or five who are Catholics, all the members of this Company are Protestants.

During the early development of the colony, Lord Selkirk sent there, by way of Hudson's Bay, some domestic animals. These animals could have multiplied satisfactorily by the time I arrived in 1818, but they were all destroyed in the troubles undergone by the colony in 1814 [sic] so that there were none at all left at the time of my arrival. In the autumn of 1818 a couple of pigs were brought down from Hudson's Bay. This animal multiplies rapidly; in summer he easily finds food, but in winter must be fed and there were neither grain nor vegetables for several years. In order to keep the breed alive we were forced to feed the pigs on the same meat with which we fed ourselves.

Chickens were brought from Sault St Marie which is located at the outlet of Lake Superior into Lake Huron and also from Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. In 1822 there were no more than a pair [of chickens] in all that country; a careful man succeeded in getting them to propagate, and it is from this one pair that all the chickens, which are now abundant, are descended. Turkeys and geese were brought in later by way of Hudson's Bay; there are still very few of them.

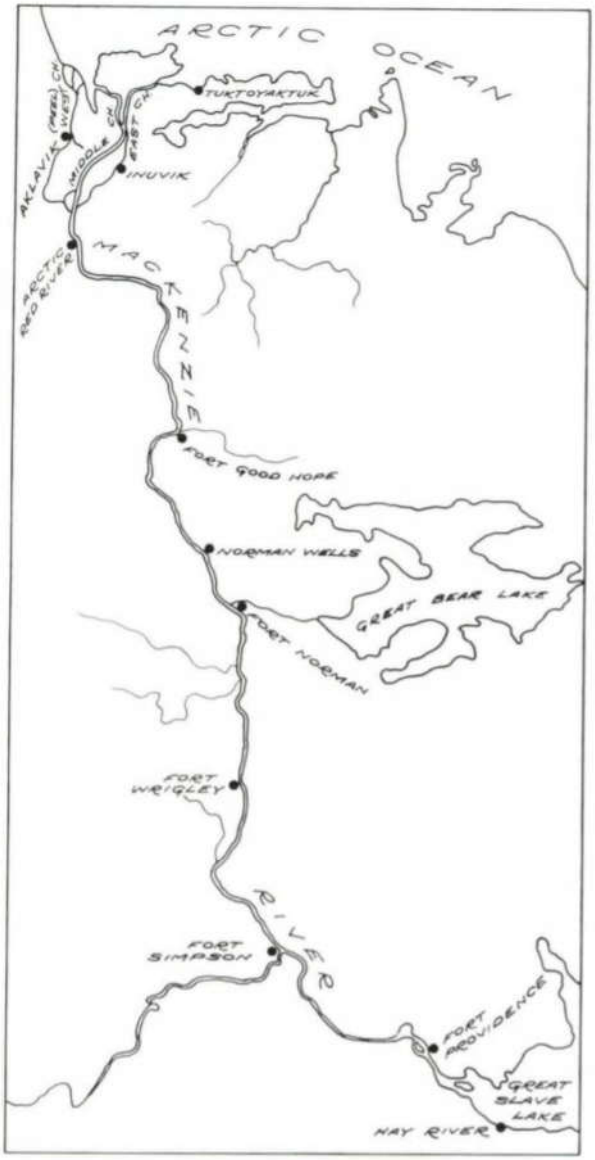
Cattle were brought in from the Missouri in 1825 to the number of four or five hundred. Those who had money bought them then, others procured them later. They have now multiplied greatly.

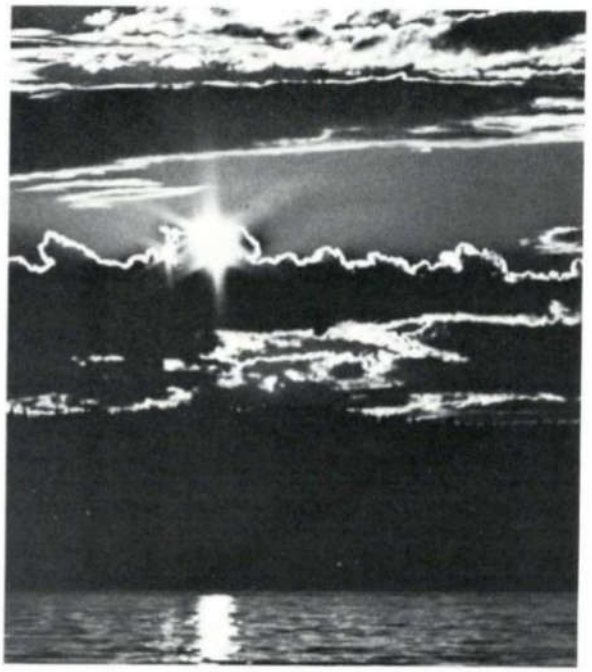
Sheep were brought from Kentucky in 1833 by means of a subscription made for this purpose in the territory. Unfortunately, of the more than twelve hundred sheep which left Kentucky, only about two hundred and sixty reached Red River; the rest died en route. The Company realized that these sheep would sell at too high a price and that it was difficult to divide them up among so many subscribers, several of whom had not put in sufficient money to buy even one. The Company therefore returned their money to the subscribers and kept all the sheep which they have allowed to multiply.

In the last two years I have had six children come out of my schools who are studying Latin. They speak the French language and two Indian languages; three are wards of the mission. ◆

Rome, March 28, 1836

+J. N. BISHOP OF JULIOPOLIS.





Midnight sun.

MACKENZIE RIVER CRUISE

Photographs and text by Dolly Connelly.

The *Norweta* is operated by
Arctic Cruise Lines Limited of Hay River, N.W.T.

'Norweta' at Fort Simpson.

THE LUMINOUS SMALL HOURS of a June night on the Mackenzie River appear to be bedtime for no one. Aboard the cruise ship *Norweta*, as she shattered the still waters of Peel Channel in the Mackenzie Delta, I perched in the wheelhouse watching perfect reflections of spindly, cold-stunted, spruce forest shimmer and melt in our passage.

Without warning Captain Conrad Haight brought the ship to a shuddering stop. Ahead, an uncharted sandbar extended hundreds of yards across the channel, blocking passage. As we stared, the sandbar lifted into the air with ear-splitting gabble and whirr of wings – a 'smoker' of migrating ducks.

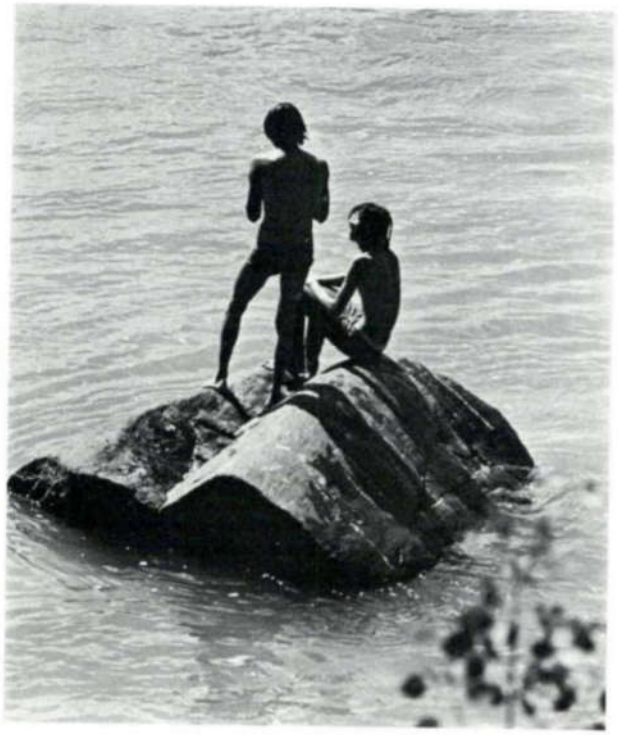
No matter what the hour, scant settlements along the river produce their full quota of curious, interested youngsters. The ship carries a freezer on her observation deck filled with ice cream for all comers. One night the crew of one of the great river's fleet of powerful tugs came aboard slapping at 'bulldogs', deer flies so bloodthirsty they make mosquitoes seem amiable. The men were nonplused at people who sailed the river for pleasure.

'I suppose next you'll tour the North Pole' said one of them. I forebore telling him there is a package tour to the true North Pole via small plane in nine days of hops out of Edmonton or Montreal.

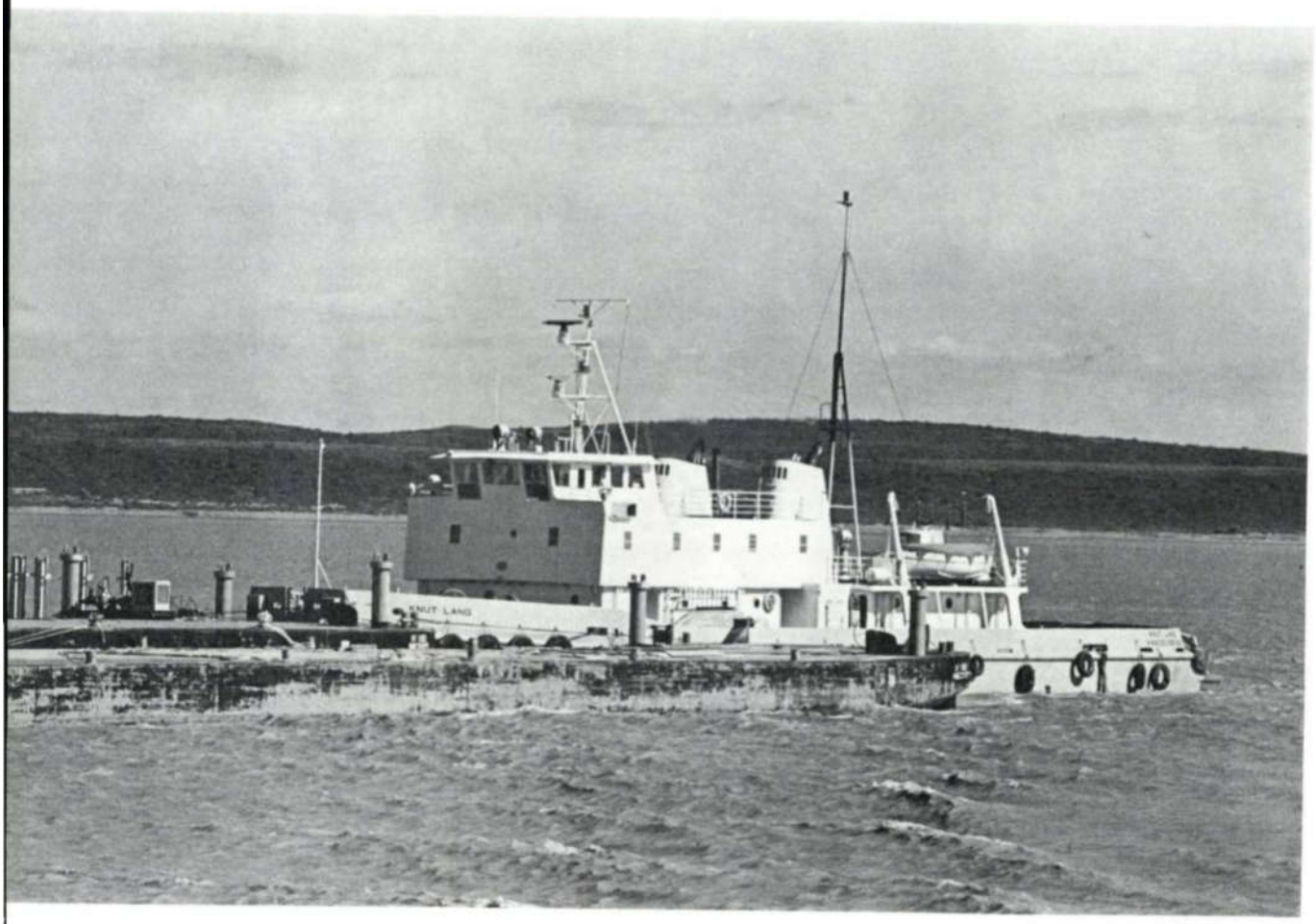
For my husband and myself, the cruise began with a flight from Edmonton to Inuvik. We spent one night in Inuvik, boarded the *Norweta* the following morning and sailed north to Tuktoyaktuk. From this village we swung out into the Beaufort Sea and across the great delta of the Mackenzie, the ice pack glittering in the distance. The *Norweta* then entered the westernmost navigable channel of the Mackenzie, Peel Channel, and started upriver for Aklavik. South of Aklavik she rejoined the main body of the river not far from Arctic Red River then sailed south to Fort Good Hope, Norman Wells, Fort Norman, Fort Wrigley, Fort Simpson, Fort Providence, arriving finally at the home port of Hay River on Great Slave Lake.

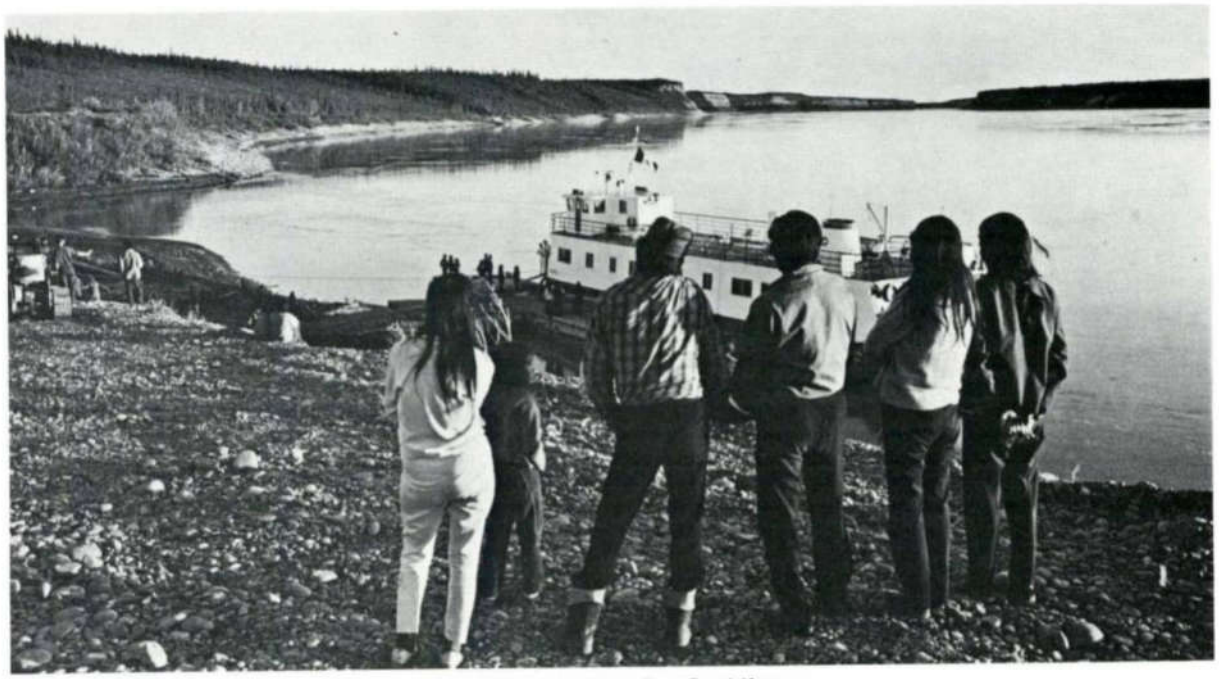
The *Norweta* is one hundred feet in length at the waterline, carries twelve passengers (16 in 1973) and a crew of nine. The trip northbound at 17 miles an hour, with frequent tie-ups, runs seven days. The return voyage up the river against the current at ten miles an hour requires eight days. The schedule of cruises begins in mid-June and continues throughout the hundred days that the Mackenzie is free of its burden of ice.

By 1974 a new luxury cruise ship, built to accommodate 48 passengers, is expected to be in operation on the Mackenzie. ◆



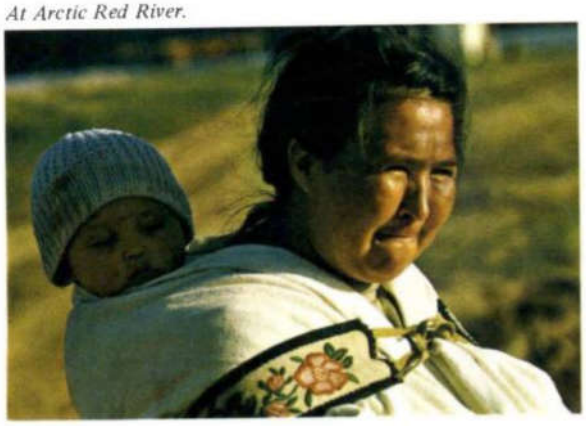
Swimmers at Fort Providence, and below, the Mackenzie River tug 'Knut Lang' pushing one barge, and towing another.



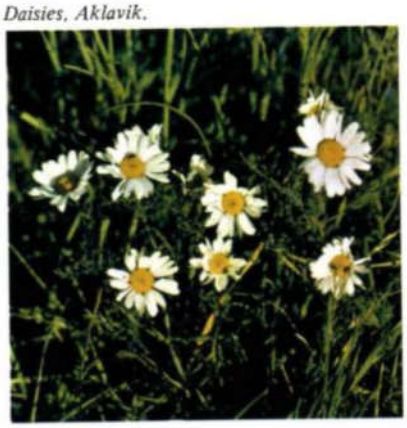


Watching the docking, Fort Good Hope.

At Arctic Red River.



Daisies, Aklavik.



Dertram Pokiak, Tuktoyaktuk.

Fireweed.

An Arctic Red River Grandmother.
At the right, Father Joseph Adam of Inuvik,
with his greenhouse in the background.

Main Street, Inuvik.

A Tuktoyaktuk housewife, having hung out her washing, sets off for a visit with her neighbours.

FREDERICK HOUSE MASSACRE

RELATIONS BETWEEN COMPANY EMPLOYEES AND INDIANS WERE, ON THE WHOLE, AMICABLE. THIS ACCOUNT DEALS WITH ONE OF THE VERY FEW FATAL INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.

By Elaine Allan Mitchell

DURING THE LAST YEARS of the eighteenth century and until the union of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies in 1821 the Algonquin Indians, inhabiting what is now the interior of northeastern Ontario and the borders of northwestern Quebec, traded with the English at the inland dependencies of Moose Fort (now Moose Factory) and with the Canadians at Fort Timiskaming and its subsidiary posts. Skilled hunters, by nature generally timid and docile, they were easily dominated by their traders, to whom on the whole they were greatly attached. Their lands were rich in fine beaver but supported relatively few large game animals; rabbits and fish were the staple diet of Indians and traders alike and when the rabbit cycle was low the Indians suffered miserably from starvation. In the worst years cannibalism sometimes occurred in the more remote areas although the majority condemned the practice, outlawing or judicially killing those who resorted to it. The posts provided relief of a sort for those who came in for help but the traders, too, were often dangerously short of food, particularly the English who were not as well supplied with imported provisions. It was in one of these lean years that there occurred a crime which exhibited most of the ingredients of a first-class thriller.

The Hudson's Bay Company built Frederick House, near the modern city of Timmins, in 1785, with high hopes of securing a share in the inland trade, but its value quickly declined in the face of determined Canadian opposition and by 1812 it had become virtually an outpost of the Company's station on Kenogamissi Lake to the southwest, commanded at the time by Richard Good. The master of Frederick House was a servant, Alexander Belly, who was assisted by two labourers, Robert Sabiston and Hugh Slater. Just before Christmas, 1812, Belly and Sabiston arrived at Kenogamissi Lake to pick up some trading goods. From the time they set off for home on 23 December nothing was heard of them or Frederick House until, late in March, two men whom Good had sent there returned with a horrifying story. 'March 23', Good recorded in his *Journal*, 'John Knight & Charles Beads whom I sent to Frederick House the 18th. Instt retd & gave me the Melancholy information of that post having been robbed, and none of the three Residenters to be found dead or alive.'

Knight and Beads reported that the dwelling house door had been lifted off its hinges and the partitions to the master's apartments knocked down. The warehouse and its cellar were both open but no guns, ammunition, or European provisions to be seen, only some carelessly piled furs covered with a bearskin, a circumstance which led Good to suspect that the best pelts had been carried off, since Knight had seen them tied up in bundles in December. The buildings were drifted up with snow almost as high as the doors but no tracks anywhere although the men said they had noticed some drops of blood 'under the Bank from the Lake'. They could find no trace of the three dogs, two cats, or poultry belonging to the establishment but in the men's quarters had come upon the corpses of a Frederick House Indian and his wife, two pots which had contained alcohol lying beside them but their guns missing. Frightened at the sight and fearing pursuit, the men confessed, they had not tarried to investigate further but on their way home had sought out other Kenogamissi servants tenting in the neighbourhood to tell them the news and bring them back to the house.

Two days later Good sent four men (almost his full complement) to Frederick House to bring back any trading goods, furs or provisions they could salvage. To defend the post during their absence he had all the trading guns transferred from the store to his own quarters and loaded. Oddly enough, it was not the murderers whom he principally feared but the possibility of the dead Indians' relatives taking vengeance on the

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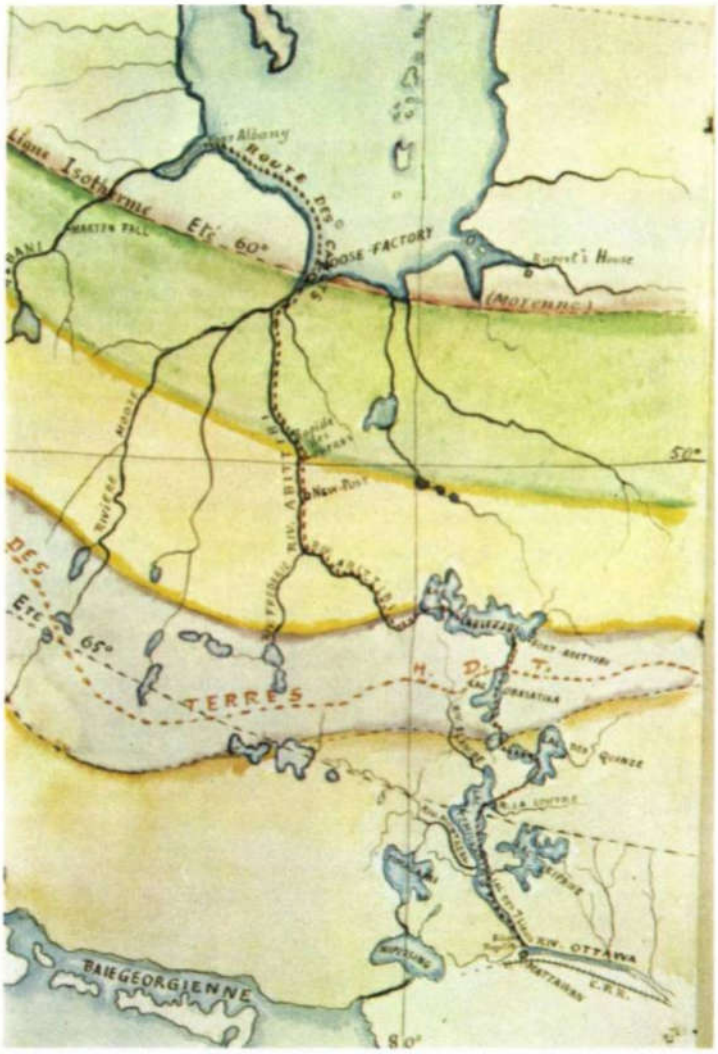
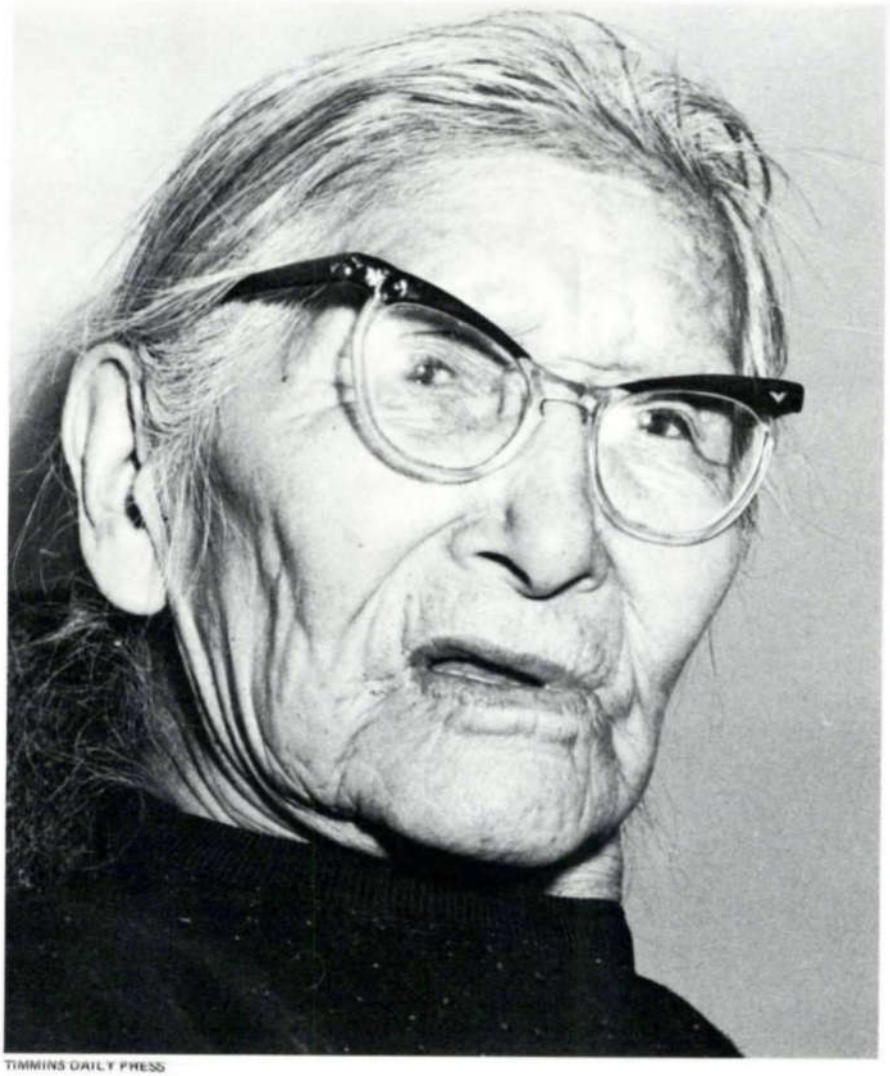
Mrs Mitchell, a graduate in history from McMaster University, has done extensive research on the Temiskaming district in archives in Britain and Canada. Quotations from the Hudson's Bay Company archives are made with permission of the Company.



Published in 1884, this map is from the manuscript of Father C. A. M. Paradis, Oblate missionary of Timiskaming. Frederick House River flows into Frederick House Lake where the post was situated on the southeast shore.
Photograph by Albert Gérin-Lajoie from the Paradis manuscript in the Quebec archives.

Hudson's Bay people under the misapprehension that they were to blame, and he specifically cautioned his men not to separate, whatever the inducements offered by any Indian they might meet, to keep their guns and ammunition always handy, and to abstain from spirits.

On 3 April the men returned with Belly's *Indian Debt Book* and *Journal* and two-thirds of the goods and furs they had found, having hidden the rest. Good observed that the furs were of the poorest kind, confirming his earlier fears that the choicest had been taken, while the *Journal* showed no entries after 16 December, the day before Belly and Sabiston left Frederick House for Kenogamissi Lake. By the time Good's men had reached Frederick House tracks were beginning to appear in the snow, proving to his satisfaction that the intruders had remained there until very close to the time of Knight and Beads' arrival. The men found Slater's body in the servants' house, with empty kegs piled over him, and outside, the corpses of an Indian couple whose tent was nearby, the man just becoming visible beneath the thawing snow. He had been shot in the left breast and his wife in the cheek; under her head lay her baby, smothered to death. The discovery of an old blanket filled with bullet holes suggested to Good that the murderers had been trying the range of the guns, that the noise had brought the two Indians to the scene and that they had then been killed. Signs of blood near the woodpile and the presence there of forty-six pounds of powder and some shot, in his opinion, betrayed the murderers' ambush. The dead Indian and his wife seen by Knight and Beads in the house, were upon examination also found to have been shot, the man in the breast and the woman's head blown to pieces, her brains adhering to the ceiling of the room; under the old man's head were the carcasses of the two cats. Good believed these Indians were in the house before the murderers were aware of their approach, that they had been given alcohol and killed while intoxicated.



TIMMINS DAILY PRESS

Maggie Buffalo Leclair, direct descendant of the only Frederick House Indian to survive the massacre, died in Timmins in 1963.

Hidden behind the house Good's men found the victims' snowshoes but they could not identify any as Belly's or Sabiston's although they picked up a trace, covered with shot marks, belonging to a dog who had been with the pair at Kenogamissi and they also noticed shot marks on the willows in the direction from which the two men would approach the house. The master's apartments were in a disgusting state, a foot deep in filth and human excrement. The stocks of all the guns had been broken, their barrels and locks burnt, while seventeen kettles which had contained mixtures of oatmeal and water, flour and water, or pea soup were also burnt and damaged. This last discovery, coupled with the current acute scarcity of country provisions, caused Good to speculate 'that hunger may have been the instigator of this Sanguinary and Bloody Affair'.

Spring trading was now in full swing and Good could spare no hands for further investigations at Frederick House; he was unable even to persuade those Kenogamissi Indians with relatives missing to go and bury them. But he did enlist the aid of the Canadians by notifying his rival, Angus Cameron, at Matawagamingue (Mattagami) Lake, thirty-three miles above Kenogamissi, of the Frederick House disaster. Handkerchiefs, sashes, red cloth, calico shirts or guns in the possession of an Indian, he pointed out in his letter, might lead to the murderers' discovery, while some of the furs would doubtless be carried to the North West posts.

Cameron's reply was both prompt and helpful. He would immediately report the affair to Fort Timiskaming, he promised, so that 'proper means may be taken for detecting and bringing to punishment the infernal perpetrators of such a sanguine & Barbarous deed that chills the Blood to think upon'. He had heard from the Indians that several Frederick House Indians were missing, he admitted, but never imagined they could have met with such a fate and he could not believe

anyone belonging to his post capable of the crime. His suspicions rested instead on a set of cannibals living in the Abitibi quarter.

Not until the end of June when Good finally sent for the goods and stores remaining at Frederick House, was the full extent of the tragedy revealed. Apparently everyone who came to the post during the winter had been killed to conceal the crime and leave the murderers free to enjoy its rewards. Good's men 'found Alexr. Belly and Robert Sabiston (with each of their Dogs laying upon their Knees) laying most at the top of the Bank, but thrown a little on one side of the path. Habited in the same Apparel as what they had on when they left this place, Robt. Sabiston had been bound by a Line round the Arms and Breast and another one round the Thighs; Their Corpse[s] were in that condition as to prevent any examination to learn in what manner they have met their fate. —One Indian laying close by Belly, three in the Clay pit, and another one laying close at the back of the House, with his face downwards, were found and Buried where they were laying by heaving the Earth over them, which was as much as they could get done, for the stench arising from the Bodies, having laid so long above Ground.' One man and three children belonging to the post were still missing, Good added, and had not been found among the dead.

With the end of Good's *Journal* for 1812-3 the Frederick House massacre rather surprisingly fades out of the records of the Southern Department. Only by a casual reference later on do we learn that the murderer was an Abitibi Indian, named Capascoos; how, when and by whom his identity was discovered, we are never told. All we know is that in 1815 the English were still trying to lay hands on unnamed culprits.

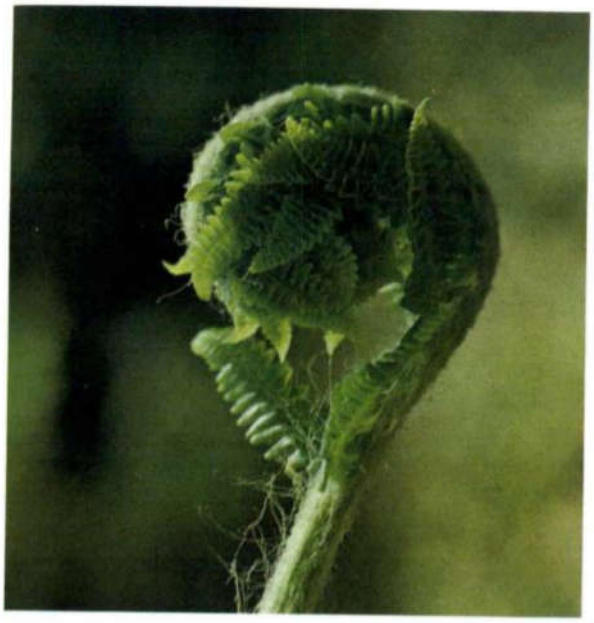
In March that year acting governor Thomas Vincent wrote from Moose Factory to the Nor'Wester Alexander McDougall at Fort Abitibi assuring him that he had no wish to implicate the Canadians directly but asking for information concerning the whereabouts of the murderers. The letter was forwarded to McDougall by Richard Good who then wrote to Vincent saying that he understood the criminals were living in the vicinity of Fort Abitibi although they never visited it personally. Good, urged to greater efforts by Vincent, offered a reward of fifty Made-beaver to any Indian who would bring the wanted men to Kenogamissi Lake.

By this time however relations between the two companies had deteriorated sharply, as a result of the virtual state of war in the west, and McDougall did not answer Vincent's letter. But when George Gladman, a senior officer in the Hudson's Bay service and an old friend of McDougall's, called on him at Abitibi in January 1816, on his way from Moose Fort to Montreal, McDougall repeated what, he said, he had already told passing servants of the Company, that the safety of his own people prevented his taking any direct action in apprehending the murderer. As it was, he complained, Good's premature and too public offer had put the culprit on his guard and his relatives were protecting the secret of his hiding-place.

This, it seems, was the crux of the matter; in the face of Indian solidarity apparently even the Canadians were powerless. Usually quick to assist the traders in bringing miscreants to justice, it must be that his own people either believed there were extenuating circumstances for Capascoos's deed, hunger perhaps, as Good surmised, or else (which seems more likely) they dreaded the vengeance of a dangerous and powerful family. Capascoos's sister, a fierce, dominating woman of whom even her husband, William Polson, a servant at Abitibi, was afraid, was involved thirty years later in a religious hysteria which swept the area and her nephew, too, turned out to be a murderer, so it is possible that the family was looked on as a set of magicians. Whatever the reason, the traders never did catch up with Capascoos, although he seems to have become an outlaw. We hear of him again in November 1818, when he was reported to be hunting on his former lands in the neighbourhood of Frederick House. James Kellock, tenting with trading goods near the site of old post, immediately appealed to his master at Kenogamissi Lake, Peter Spence, for more hands and Spence promised all the aid in his power, begging Kellock to 'take every precaution to guard against that *diabolical Murderer*'.

The Hudson's Bay Company never permanently resettled the site of Frederick House and the bodies of the slain were undisturbed until 1911 when the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario (now the Ontario Northland) Railway was under construction. At that time, according to a footnote in J. B. Tyrrell's *Journals of Hearne and Turnor,* a steam shovel, digging away the ridge on which the post had stood, to obtain ballast for the track, threw up musket barrels, copper kettles and broken and empty barrels. A little farther south several skeletons were discovered in shallow graves. Tyrrell recalled a local tradition that, some time during the first half of the nineteenth century, the Indians had become hostile and attacked the post, murdering most of the inhabitants and that brandy and valuables had been buried in the gravel.

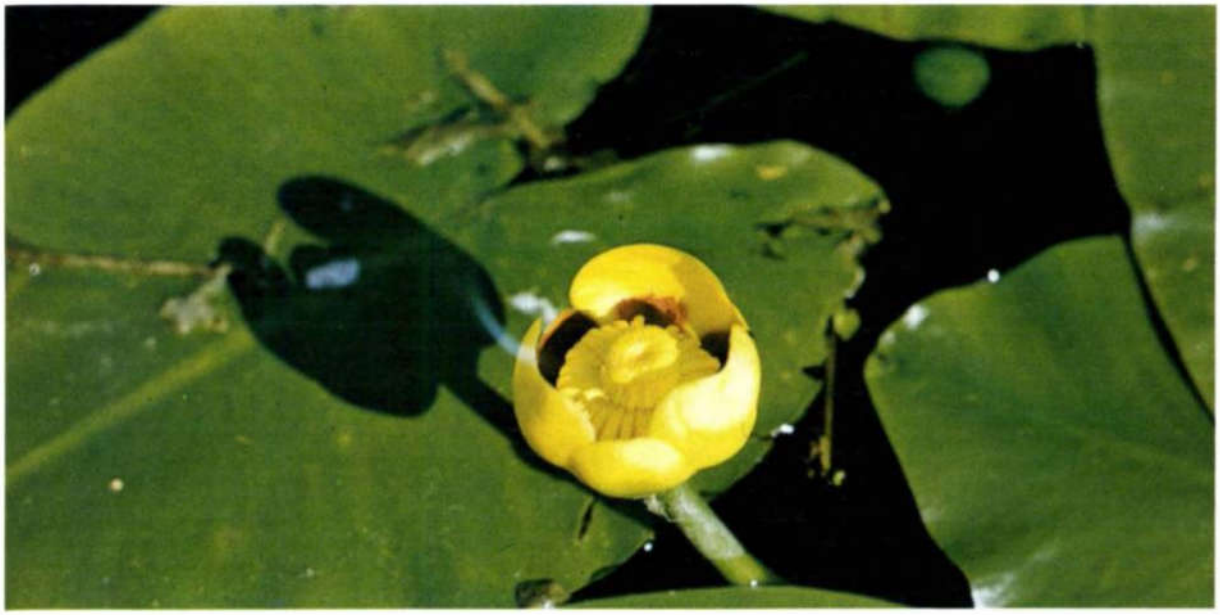
Almost fifty years later the Timmins *Daily Press* published a letter, written in 1932 by a man who had heard a garbled and exaggerated version of the real story from an Indian woman. A local celebrity, the well-known Indian huntress, Maggie Leclair, née Buffalo, who had been made a life member of the Porcupine Chamber of Commerce in 1957, was linked to it as a direct descendant of the only Frederick House Indian to survive the massacre and the interest aroused induced the Porcupine Historic Sites Committee to set about investigating the tragedy, with the idea of erecting a plaque at the site of the post. Princess Maggie, as she called herself, died in Timmins in 1963, her age at the time being estimated as between 95 and 105 years. ◆



THE STREAM

By ROBERT W. NERO
biologist, Manitoba Government

and ROBERT R. TAYLOR
photographer, Manitoba Museum



WILLOWBEND, COLDSPRINGS, CATFISH, TURTLE, CLAMSHELL, MANYREEDS – such are the names bestowed by pioneers on small streams across the country. Pleasant-sounding, suggesting welcome retreats from hot, hard work on the farm, the names today often are attached to unvegetated open channels that run straight as slide-rules – drains that carry off water sure and fast as rockets. By midsummer, bird tracks on a sterile clay bottom may be the only reminder of the haven for wildlife and people formerly found in a waterway.

Drainage of surface water has made it possible to farm efficiently, to support an increased number of people; in some cases, even to resist the corrosive forces of nature and economic pressures, to tame floods and to open the land to agriculture. But 'Coldsprings Farm – 1905' is now only faded lettering on an old red barn; the springs that delighted a homesteading family have long since disappeared.

The geometric straight-line pattern of drains that has come to characterize the agricultural landscape offers little hope for recreation. By contrast every small natural stream has great recreational potential. Though small in scale, wilderness values still hold wherever water and soil have had time to establish a working relationship. Willows, small birds, occasional herons, crayfish, frogs, dragonflies, wandering fish . . . of such is the stuff of dreams.

The fine-branching stream pattern found under natural conditions has functions few technologists and politicians perceive. Though the meandering brushy curves of Willowbend Creek take up space and slow the progress of runoff waters, they also feed springs and increase wildlife, and add beauty and diversity to the landscape. But wildlife and agriculture have not yet attained the harmony on the land long sought by ecologists. In the search for wilderness areas to help feed the rising demands of a public hungry for older values, resource agencies should pay closer attention to natural areas such as springs and streams. It is time to bring to a close the era of unlimited drainage and channelization of waterways.

Not all of us have the opportunity to escape on long excursions to remote mountains and distant lands. The more the pity that we sacrifice the little wildernesses that lie close at hand, whether marshland, prairie remnant, or stream. Anti-hunting forces urge upon us a new 'reverence for life', but meanwhile the life-support system of myriad wildlife species is slowly, and at great cost, being engineered away. 'Habitat' should be the banner, and moralists should work instead to instill an appreciation for a balanced scene, to conserve the remaining natural features of the land and to restore former ones. Clear streams, tranquil woods, and productive marshes may yet be the highest mark of a civilized country.

Trout fishermen know how to visit streams. It takes care and patience to walk through brush and trees with a fly-rod; high-strung brook trout are seldom caught in the midst of loud talk, heavy feet, and discarded bottles. Naturalists seeking contact with mink and heron know well the value of a paddle over a motor; even the smallest stream can be negotiated in relative calm and ease in a canoe, with minimal disturbance to wildlife and people. In winter, whether on skiis or on snowshoes, streams offer a touch of wilderness close to cities and towns. It is this value of being close at hand that makes every rivulet a good place in which to search for small

truths and childhood memories. What matter if the stream touches some landscaped lawn or sweeps beside a pasture with cows? Wherever Red-winged Blackbirds call, wilderness is near.

What one finds along a stream depends on one's experience, perception, and goals. Whether one seeks trout or crayfish, rare birds, colourful patterns, quiet, a lovers' tryst, or a combination of these, each stream contains a multitude of values.

On my favourite stream when I lift my cup over the side of the canoe I think of rain falling slowly off palest green tamarack needles in a distant bog, of the steady movement of water seeping through tangles of sphagnum moss, of the decayed wood of centuries giving flavour to my drink. Deer and otter and mink have left their prints on the bank where we stop for lunch and we view them in our minds while we eat. In the same way a fluffy grey feather caught on a hazel twig is all we see of a Great Gray Owl, but it is enough to delight us for an hour.

A cluster of Tiger Swallowtail butterflies like a crown on a great rock beside a meadow brings us to a halt. Leaf-like, wings folded upright, they are reluctant to leave their communal feast. What intrigues us most is the damp, greyish mass which they probe so sensitively with unfurled tongues. A closer look tells the story: matted fur and chips of white bone identify the remains of a lynx scat. A picture of the hungry cat pouncing on a snowshoe rabbit still in its white winter fur comes to mind. The lesson: nothing is wasted, though the route from aspen bark to rabbit to cat to butterflies is long. The butterflies dance silently in the slow heat, but a gauzy dragonfly awakens us with a dry rustle as it banks and turns above the reeds. We drift away, caught in a lull between ordinary small elements in the life at streamside and our vivid imaginings.

The hum and buzz of life on the stream is as busy as ever, the sweet whistle and flash of birds still enchanting. In our search for bigger and better things we had forgotten the joy of small places where our minds roamed at large. Now we delight in the simple things – a bittern swaying at the edge of a marshy corner holds our attention for minutes. Then it escapes from our hold, flexes its toes and stalks along the shoreline, its gold and brown plumage a masterpiece of sun and shadow.

Watching water drip off the edge of a paddle is not a novelty, but, steadying the canoe for the photographer, time suddenly stands still; each droplet falls with a silken splash, setting the water surface afire with unexpected light reflected from the side of the canoe, and each time another image on the clear bottom of the stream dances and subsides. By the time the photograph is taken I am in a dreamworld of my own, exploring the bottom of the stream, inch by inch, following a strange track where something has plowed a furrow to the base of a jade-green frond. In the transition an ordinary pondweed suddenly rises majestically from sunlit sandy terraces, branches aloft, streaming upwards to the beckoning sky; it is the mind that must explore, not the feet alone.

Whether in the boreal forest or out on the open plains, the wealth of diverse landscape provided by stream-side vegetation and meander-trapped fields is a resource we cannot afford to lose. Where small streams wander across meadows each curve embraces a botanical wonderland, from rushes and sedges through willow-bush, meadow daisies and lichened stones. Uncultivated, home to badger and rabbit, blackbird and sparrow, duck and heron, and a thousand other life forms, up in sunlight and air, or bound to darkness and slow decay.

Roadside marshes and prairies, wooded hillsides, sloughs and especially streams; streams that curve from right to left and back again; streams with clear water and streams with muddy water; streams that unite farm with farm, town with village; streams free from abuse and human debris; streams to merit the old names again: Willowbend, Coldsprings and Manyreeds. ◆

INDIAN AFFAIRS AND NORTHERN DEVELOPMENT

Pangnirtung Fiord.

The Conquest of Pangnirtung Pass

BY J. DEWEY SOPER

Dr Soper is author of 'The Mammals of Alberta' and many other popular and scientific works on Canadian mammals and birds. In June 1929, during an eight-year federal appointment as naturalist to Arctic expeditions, he discovered the breeding grounds of the blue goose along the west coast of Baffin Island.

THE CORDILLERA of the Pangnirtung region, Baffin Island, is one of the most magnificent and spell-binding in the whole of the Canadian Eastern Arctic. Surely it must have intrigued many explorers who visited Cumberland Sound and lacked the time, facilities, or opportunity to get into the heartland of the interior. This was a long time coming. The splendour of these mountains was chiefly viewed from afar at sea off the east coast of Cumberland Peninsula, or in Cumberland Sound north of Blacklead Island. Several men were close to the scene. However, so far as is known, no white man had negotiated Pangnirtung Pass, up to the end of 1924, to run a route survey through it and leave a detailed description of the terrain from sea to sea.

Cumberland Peninsula was first discovered by John Davis in 1585. In the Cumberland Sound territory this was followed by the German section of the International

The H B C store as it was when Dr Soper visited Pangnirtung in 1923.

Under construction in 1923, the R.C.M.P. detachment at Pangnirtung.

Polar Expedition in 1882, with its station located at Sermilling Bay; next was Dr Franz Boas, 1883-84, who traversed Kingnait Pass and named Penny Highland of upper Cumberland Peninsula.

In the present century there was Crawford Noble, 1902, a whaler who became familiar with Cumberland Sound and travelled for several weeks about Nettilling Lake; Bernhard Hantzsch, 1909-11, naturalist, who went overland from Nettilling Fiord via Nettilling Lake and Koukdjuak River to the Foxe Basin coast and in the latter year died there a few miles north of Hantzsch River; William Duval (1884?-1971), trader and interpreter, married to an Eskimo woman, who lived and travelled for many decades in and about Cumberland Sound with a home at American Harbour (Oshoaluk); and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who actively patrolled from the Pangnirtung Detachment from 1923 on, including a patrol through both Pangnirtung and Kingnait Passes.

I first visited Pangnirtung in the autumn of 1923. Gazing up the fiord to the northward, I was fired with a deep desire to explore and run a reconnaissance survey through Pangnirtung Pass. For the most part the interior was still a mysterious hinterland known locally only to the most enterprising native hunters. To get into the Penny Highland was a challenge – an action promising rich rewards in the way of new geographical and other knowledge. My chance to penetrate the pass did not materialize until the winter of 1924-25.

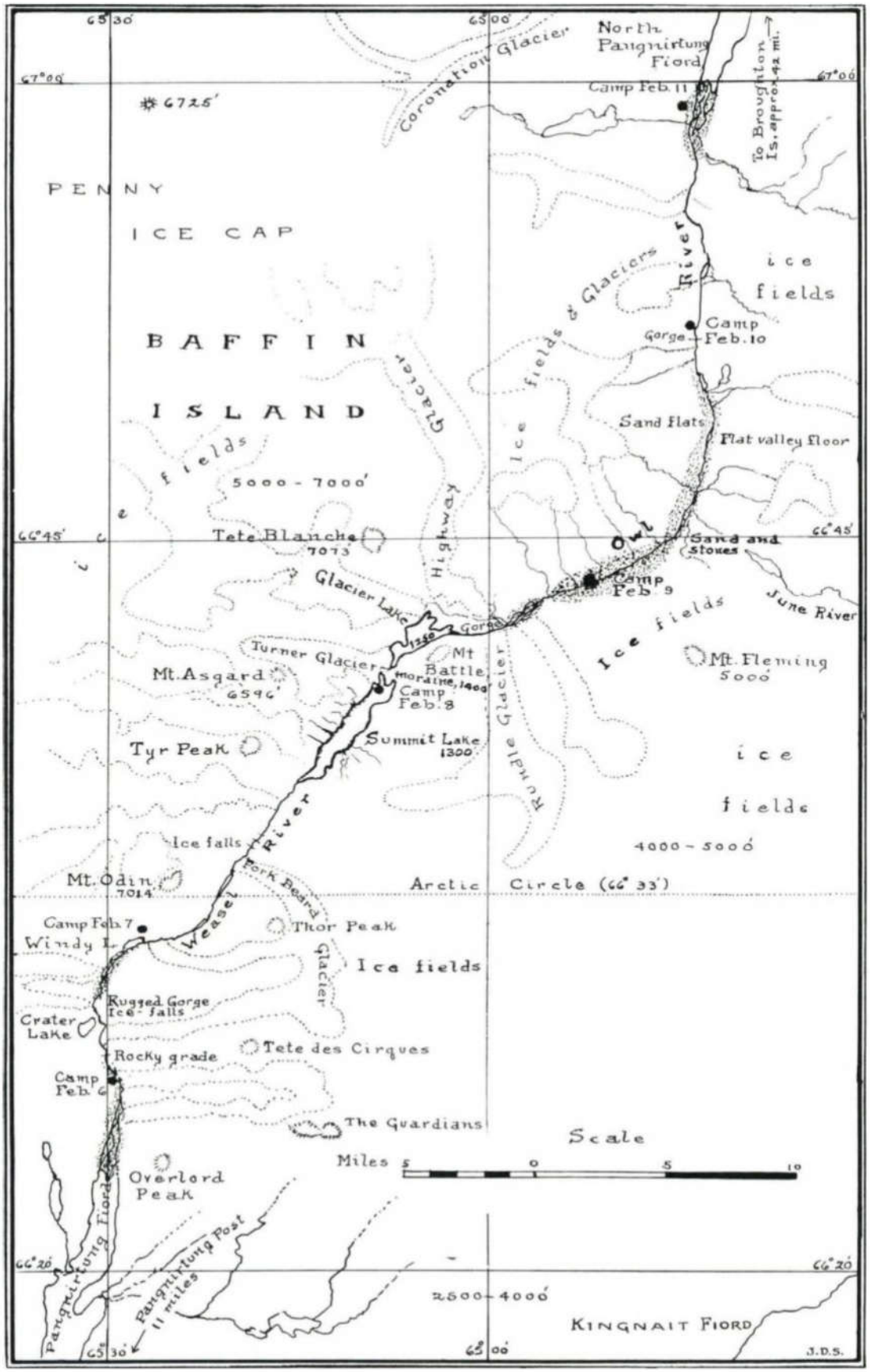
Late in January, 1925, I began making preparations. One of the most urgent requirements was the harvesting of ample dog feed for the trip. With Akatugak, I hunted for seals many times at the floe-edge off the mouth of Pangnirtung Fiord and elsewhere. The animals were chopped into small chunks, frozen and bagged in about 40-pound lots – each a one-night ration for a team of 14 dogs.

By early February the job was done together with other essentials. Among the latter was the preparation of a large quantity of pre-cooked stew frozen in small cubes; this was the main item in the daily ration and consisted of a highly nourishing and appetizing mixture of smoked buffalo pemmican, white beans, desiccated potatoes, bacon, butter, and seasoning. Only a short time was needed in the snow-house to make it hot and ready to eat.

It was naturally learned from the natives that the southern part of the Pangnirtung Pass route was markedly difficult with rapid ascent to the height of land. Obstacles consisted chiefly of icefalls, rugged canyons and rocky glacial moraines that spanned the valley. For the initial uphill struggle we needed a supporting sledge mainly loaded with dog feed. For this assistance I hired a young hunter named Kilabuk with his team of 12 dogs. He was to stay with us until we reached the top of the pass, then return to Pangnirtung. For us the remainder of the mountain passage would then be downhill to the sea at North Pangnirtung Fiord.

We were all set to leave Pangnirtung on 5 February and eager to go, but a violent blizzard from the north held us up. The next day, however, was ideal for a start with its calm cold and sunshine. Owing to the strong winds in this region the fiord snow was firm and ideal for sledging with heavy loads.

By mid-afternoon we reached the end of the fiord. Now we entered upon the flat delta land with the braided branches of Weasel River. Progress was still easy. By 4.30 p.m. we arrived at the foot of the first glacier that entered the valley from the east. Ahead was a rocky barrier through which Weasel River had cut a deep channel. This was the first impediment on our journey. With darkness close at hand we decided not to tackle the moraine that day; so we built a snow-house nearby for the night.


65° 30'
65° 00'
North Pangnirtung Fiord
Coronation Glacier
67° 09'
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6725'
Camp Feb. 11
To Broughton Is. approx. 42 mi.
PENNY
ICE CAP
BAFFIN
ISLAND
ice fields & Glaciers
River
ice fields
Camp Gorge Feb. 10
Glacier
Highway
Ice fields
5000 - 7000'
Sand Flats
Flat valley floor
66° 45'
Tete Blanche 7073
Owl
Sand and Stones
Camp Feb. 9
Glacier Lake
Gorge
June River
Ice fields
Turner Glacier
Mt Battle moraine, 1400'
Mt. Fleming 5000
Mt. Asgard 6596'
Camp Feb. 8
Tyr Peak
Summit Lake 1300'
Ruttle Glacier
ice fields
Ice falls
Weasel River
Fork Beard Glacier
4000 - 5000'
Mt. Odin 7014'
Arctic Circle (66° 33')
Camp Feb. 7
Windy L.
Thor Peak
Ice fields
Rugged Gorge Ice-falls
Crater Lake
Tete des Cirques
Rocky grade
Camp Feb. 6
The Guardians
Scale
Miles 5 0 5 10
Overlord Peak
Pangnirtung Fiord
Pangnirtung Post 11 miles
66° 20'
2500 - 4000'
KINGNAIT FIORD
J.D.S.

From between rocky ranges in this sector four glaciers emerged from tributary valleys into the Weasel River defile. A scene of wilder grandeur would be hard to imagine. The moraine at which we were halted spanned the valley to a depth of about 100 feet. It was composed of a great mass of sand, gravel, boulders, and blocks and layers of ice in rather awesome array. The deep blanket of detritus largely sheltered the moraine ice from melting by the summer sun.

Huge as they were, these glaciers were but relatively small remnants of the giant ice stream that once slowly moved down the valley to the sea. The granite walls of the valley were ice-polished, striated and boulder-strewn far above the reach of existing glaciers. Some of the rock polish and sheen appeared amazingly fresh as though but recently produced. The etching by subsequent erosion was exceedingly slow on such hard rock. That night the full moon shone with remarkable brilliance; it transformed this magnificent fastness into a theatre of weird and enchanting beauty.

The following morning we faced up to the barrier that lay ahead. Luckily the slope was not excessively abrupt. Thus we climbed it without too much trouble or delay by hitching both teams, in turn, to each sledge and readily winning through to the top. This moraine was followed almost immediately by a wide, sandy flat over which the river flowed in several shallow branches. In a short distance these united again to form a single channel.

In this neighbourhood magnificent mountains rose on both sides of the river corridor to heights of 3,500 to 5,000 feet. It was obvious that the high, angular profiles and sharp pinnacles had not been ground down by glaciation. At this point the valley turned to the east past gigantic rock formations of unusual grandeur. Here and there the walls rose almost vertically for several thousand feet. Ghostly glaciers with deeply crevassed backs lay sharply contrasted with the desolate surroundings of gaunt and sombre peaks and ranges. Icefields gleamed far and near with pale intensity in high hanging valleys, or outlined against the cold purity of the sky. The deep shadows of the pass, the desolation, the silence of the brooding solitude – all tended to invest the country with an atmosphere of almost supernatural quality.

Shortly after leaving the sandy flat we came to the foot of another valley-wide moraine through which the Weasel River had cut a deep gash. The associated glacier came in from the west. Here the usual labour was experienced in getting up and over the obstruction. In the next half-mile the river bed rose about 500 feet; the ascent was moulded into a bewildering array of stones, large boulders, and ice extrusions. There was also a series of icefalls bristling with obstacles.

In looking back, upon the conclusion of the journey, it appeared that this sector was the most trying and difficult of any – hard alike on men, dogs, and sledges. On one icefall it was necessary to cut staggered steps up

J. Dewey Soper at Pangnirtung during the winter of 1924-25.

the face of the incline to provide safe footholds for man and beast. As is usual in such places, the dogs and empty sledges were hauled up individually. Then the loads, piece by piece, were laboriously backpacked by men to the top, re-loaded and lashed securely. Three hours were spent here in travelling a little over 800 yards.

At the end we were nearly done in and miserably wet with sweat despite the intense cold. Needless to say, this was very disagreeable and basically improper at low temperatures. Under such circumstances, however, sweating could not be avoided even with the removal of the thick outer caribou-skin parka. By this time we had earned a rest. So we stopped in the lee of a big boulder and boiled the kettle for hot drinks, a few ship's biscuits and a smoke. Thus, somewhat refreshed, but unpleasantly damp, the journey was resumed at 2.30 p.m. Near here on the east slope was a notable glacier with a nearly sheer front of about 300 feet; it terminated almost at the bank of the river. Unlike the glaciers previously passed, this one lacked a terminal moraine of any account – no barrier to surmount in getting past it.

The well defined river course persisted for a short way, then expanded to form a narrow tarn that I named Windy Lake. Suddenly we were battered by a bitter wind of almost paralyzing intensity. The Eskimos had told me earlier that winds of great force were liable to rake this and other sections of the pass. The lake ice was scoured bare and smooth as glass by drifting snow and sand.

This was not the first occasion on which the dogs had much difficulty in keeping their feet. At times the stronger squalls bowled them over completely while they

J. DEWEY SOPER

At a halt along the trail Akatugak (left) and Kilabuk relax and have a smoke.

struggled with mournful howls to keep on an even keel. Even one of the heavily loaded sledges was upset. Stones up to 10 or 15 pounds in weight had been hurled over the ice by the vicious winds. Snowbanks were wind-packed almost to the consistency of ice. Because of this, in windy districts, the Eskimos were sometimes seriously handicapped in finding suitable snow from which to cut blocks for snow-houses.

More than anywhere else this part of the pass was gorge-like with lofty, flanking cliffs where little or no sunlight penetrated for the greater part of the year. In such a constricted funnel strong winds were bound to occur. Darkness set in early, but after a time the sombre valley was flooded with the radiance of the full moon. How strange in the moonlight the character of this frozen world of rock, snow, and ice!

As the afternoon wore on the wind died, silence reigned, and more than ever the majestic surroundings took on the quality of eerie enchantment. Many features stood out stark and clear in the lunar brightness – glaciers and snowfields, gloomy talus slides and black peaks soaring into the night. What a stupendous panorama of singular contrast and vividness!

Nothing broke the witching silence but the occasional rolling rock, the monotonous creaking of the sledges, the weird calls of the Eskimos to their dogs, or the sharp yelp of a wayward *qimminik* at the point of the lash. Somehow these occasional sounds but served to emphasize the hush and solitude of the frigid cordillera. At six o'clock we halted to make a night camp a little north of Windy Lake. Most of the snowdrifts were much too hard to cut into blocks, but at last after wide searching one was found with suitable texture. Then in an hour the snow-house was built, the dogs fed and the party thankfully housed for the night.

The next morning, 8 February, dawned clear and cold, the temperature standing at -40° F. Directly ahead for about two miles the rise was fairly moderate and undulating. The river ice had an astonishing thickness and transparency. In some places it had built up to a depth of at least 10 feet: a fissure ran irregularly along its slanted ridge. Evidently the water had worked its way under the ice, freezing in successive layers and thus creating great upward pressure. In support of this conclusion, stones of all sizes up to a foot in diameter were seen embedded in the crystal-clear ice up to several feet above the river bed. This is one of the most notable and interesting of Arctic phenomena. In several Baffin Island streams I have noted river ice that by spring had accumulated to astonishing depths. Such 'ice rivers' are normally split open in deep fissures along the crest and may or may not have stones embedded in the ice mass.

The Pangnirtung Pass viewed by a member of a mountain climbing expedition, 1970.

A portrait of Kilabuk, taken in 1969 at Pangnirtung by Lily Eversdyk-Smulders of Amsterdam.

About four miles north-northeast of our night camp we came abreast of the magnificent Mount Odin (7,014 ft) that soars to a height of about 5,800 feet above the river. This appeared to be 'The Queen' of the lofty peaks that locally flanked the valley. Some other mountains to the north and west of the pass had similar or superior stature. All about in this striking sector were ice caps, glaciers, snowfields, and peaks as far as the eye can see.

By early afternoon we arrived at the first of a series of three icefalls with increasingly steep grades that were rather unnerving to contemplate. To our gratification the first incline was of moderate character with a height of about 80 feet. The two successive icefalls, however, were much steeper, higher and tougher to negotiate. The sledges had to be unloaded and hauled up empty by the dog teams on long bridles. Then the loads were laboriously backpacked to the top piece by piece. The heavy, cumbersome sacks of dog feed were the most troublesome. The job required well over two hours.

Again it was our lot to suffer marked fatigue and over-heating by the time the icefalls were overcome. Now we came to a normal river source once more where the altitude was about 1,200 feet. The average gradient from the head of Pangnirtung Fiord proved to be about 70 feet to the mile. This will give a good idea as to the steepness of the Weasel River valley. In looking up this

gorge it was obvious that the highest part of the pass was not very far away. Before going on we decided to rest and relax for a while with cups of piping hot tea and a snack of hardtack, butter, jam, and raisins.

The major difficulties of the south slope were now behind us. Following the original arrangement, it was now time for Kilabuk to turn back for Pangnirtung which he did at 3.30 p.m. His trip back would be fast as compared with the ascent; it would also be much easier on the dogs, travelling downhill with a nearly empty sledge. Kilabuk's assistance was valuable beyond words; we naturally regretted his leaving – always a cheerful, hard worker with good judgement and plenty of know-how. I had always been impressed with the faithful and skilful help of the Eskimos.

With Kilabuk's departure Akatugak and I set out at once with a heavier load and the single dog-team of 14 animals. For some little distance the Weasel River was slightly winding and gently inclined, an enjoyable quality after the nightmarish uphill struggle to the south. Soon the stream bed rose more sharply. Then after a couple of miles, upon rounding a cliff, we suddenly found ourselves on the southern end of Summit Lake. On my survey plan I could not think of a more suitable name, as it lies at the main height of Pangnirtung Pass with an altitude of 1,300 feet. The lake is relatively narrow with a length of five miles. The vista to the north was spectacular in the extreme.

The choppy snow surface of the lake was beaten by strong winds almost to the firmness of pavement. The sledge bounded from crest to crest in thudding undulations. The tired dogs began lagging badly by late afternoon. I tried the native trick of getting more action by running ahead of them; the effect is sometimes magical with a show of fresh energy. This time the results were short-lived. The brutes soon refused to respond and again slumped into a lethargic crawl of fatigue and low spirits. Nevertheless, we were determined to reach the north end of the lake for the night.

Dog teams of the Soper expedition with driver Kilabuk in the lead.

J. DEWEY SOPER

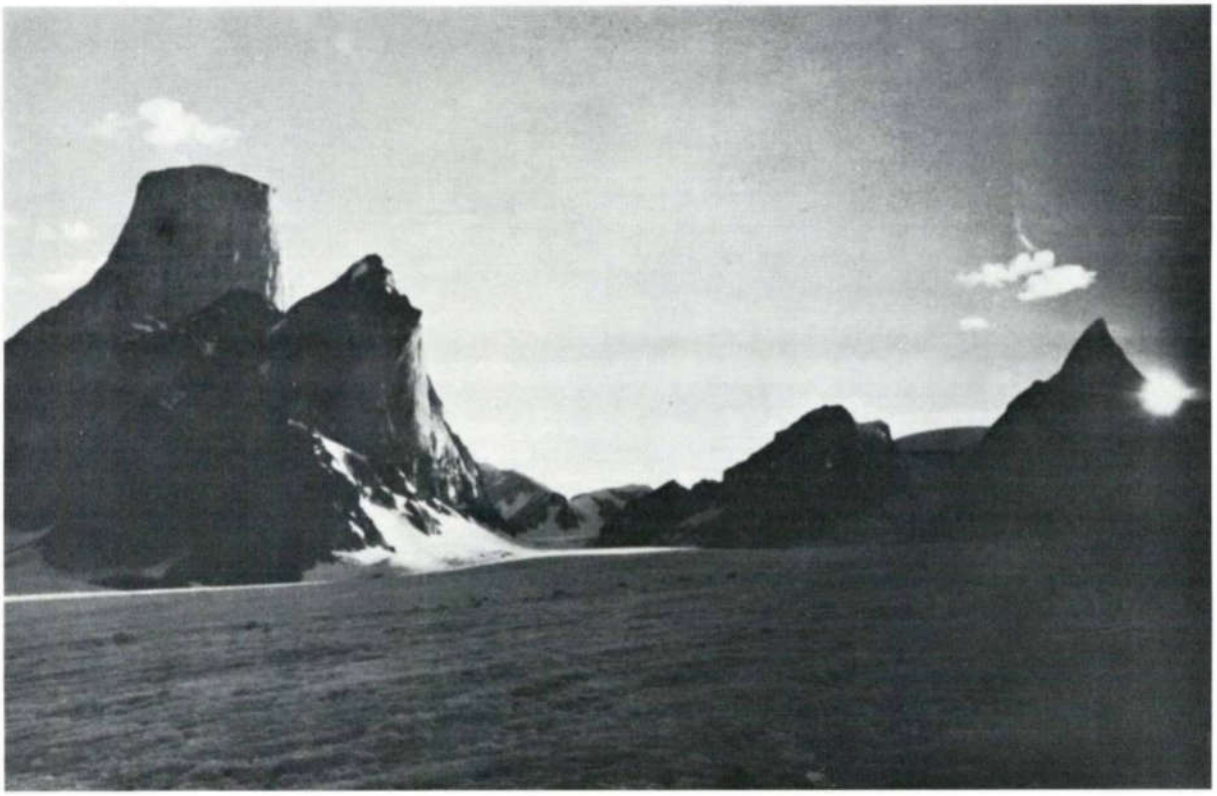
This was accomplished in darkness by a long cold march by 6.30 p.m. At the extremity of the lake was a huge moraine created by Turner Glacier; it reached the west side of upper Summit Lake as well as a portion of the southwest end of Glacier Lake. Due west was the notable Mount Asgard in the form of a splendid rock tower with an elevation of 6,956 feet above sea-level. After considerable scouting about we finally found suitable snow for a house not far from the glacier front in the northwest bay. It was finished by starlight about eight o'clock; then a hot supper and a merciful night's rest in the eiderdown sleeping bag.

February 9 came in calm, clear, and sharp with a temperature of -45° F. I had anticipated much colder weather here in the interior at this altitude. The north end of Summit Lake was divided into two major bays. Here the massive moraine spanned the valley, the top of which was the actual summit of the pass at about 1,400 feet. After some exploring it was found best to make a portage over it from the western bay where Turner Glacier comes right down to the shore.

This was a gorgeous section of Pangnirtung Pass with clear views of Mount Asgard and Tête Blanche (7,073 ft) while Mount Battle (4,420 ft) lay near the south shore of Glacier Lake. The barometer indicated that this lake was slightly lower than Summit Lake. Everywhere one looked were nameless, mysterious peaks, canyons, ice caps, and glaciers. It was an unforgettable polar panorama with the vast Penny Ice Cap a relatively short distance away to the northwest.

Two hours work was involved in backpacking the bulk of the equipment and supplies up the face of the Turner moraine and over the top of the worst part of it where a loaded sledge could not be coaxed over and around the rocks. In such situations the dogs could rest while Akatugak and I worked. A small stream issued from the glacier on the far side of the moraine; when this was reached with all the impedimenta the sledge could be loaded again. Its smooth, icy surface provided an excellent shorter route to Glacier Lake.

No sooner were we nearly over the moraine than a wind of gale force swept down from Turner Glacier freezing white blotches on our cheeks and chins; these required repeated thawing out with warm hands. With the wind chill prevailing, the sensation was that of something like -60° F to -65° F. The run down the glacial stream was smooth and effortless – a distinct pleasure after what we had come through.



A view of flat-topped Mount Asgard, and on the extreme right, Mount Loki.

Later in the day I wrote the following in my day journal:

> This monster of a pass has some torment in store for us every day in the way of difficulties, hardship and suffering. The top of the Turner moraine is a wide rugged waste of boulders, hummocks and depressions interlarded with ice patches and varying depths of snow; frequently there was not enough of this for proper sledging. Under such circumstances it was then necessary to cross naked rocks and gravel with great exertion at the lash ropes, or else unload and carry through piecemeal. After a long session of sweaty toil we finally made it over.

Now approaching the noon hour Glacier Lake was reached. It was about three miles long with a maximum width of a mile. The drainage from here was northward to North Pangnirtung Fiord. A large branch of Turner Glacier came right down to the lake on a fairly broad front – hence the name I gave to this tarn. Another bulky glacier headed off northwest in the direction of Tête Blanche, apparently linking up with the Penny Ice Cap. All around the adjacent granites, gneisses, and schists had undergone powerful erosion and were sculptured into singular assemblages of pinnacles, domes, towers, and cirques, forming a remarkable assortment of mountains.

The surface of Glacier Lake, like that of Summit was packed hard and ripply by the wind. For 100 or more yards out from shore the ice and snow were littered with wind-blown sand and gravel. It was then necessary to travel farther out on the lake. A rising gale at our backs materially aided and the northeast extremity of the lake was reached at 2.30 p.m. We wished that the lake could have been longer.

We now commenced the descent of Owl River which at the lake outlet was narrow. In short order we found ourselves on a winding course in a snarl of boulders in a gloomy ravine. Through a fairly short distance the descent was sharp with an overall drop of about 200 feet. The greatest care was required to avoid an accident. Halfway down we were obliged to remove the dogs and let the sledge down with heavy rope drags on the runners. In steeper places we also attached lines with a bite around boulders to prevent the sledge from running wild and crashing. A major breakage here would have placed us in a very serious position. This was truly brutal terrain.

The bottom of the slope was reached safely and the dogs attached again. Now the stream was smooth with crystal-clear ice of surprising depth. In part it was spread over a flat for some little distance to the northeast. Much of the river ice was from four to six feet thick; some pressure ridges, split open at the top, reached heights of 10 to 12 feet. All was clear as glass. Immediately to the north was the great Highway Glacier and off to the east Mount Fleming raised its hoary head to a height of about 5,000 feet. Peaks, glaciers, and stream

valleys were everywhere with altitudes varying from about 4,500 to over 7,000 feet.

As we drew away from the lee of the river banks and onto a broad sandy flat a vicious wind struck that went right through the heavy caribou-skin clothing. The general effect was rather formidable and hard to endure. The dogs were repeatedly bowled over and over on the glassy ice and the heavy sledge surged sideways out of control. Sometimes there was a bad mix-up with dogs, traces, and sledge. We were greatly relieved when the sudden gale had spent itself.

The Owl River ice steadily grew thinner now as we progressed northeastward. Presently it spread out into a broad web of sinuous branches over a wide sand flat. Blown sand cut into the steel runners greatly increasing friction and draught. Darkness overtook us, but by the light of the moon we kept on. Finally we reached the northern edge of the valley where searching at last located suitable snow for a night retreat. By this time we were nearly played out. The building of the snow-house seemed to take an age. By the time it was finished I was too tired to bother with much supper, though ravenous a few hours before. Akatugak seemed to be in a similar mood. That night I wrote 'Merciful is the relative joy and comfort of a snowhouse after the wind, sinister cold, toil and fatigue.' Nothing was so alluring as to just collapse into the protective embrace of the sleeping bag. Thankfully, there was still ample seal meat for the poor weakened dogs.

With daylight on the morning of 10 February we had little difficulty in freeing ourselves from the clutches of the big sand flat. Scattered patches of good snow provided the way out. Five hours of slow travel over a long stretch of hard, scabrous snow brought us again to a plain channel of Owl River. As often happened in these mountains the bed of the stream was strewn with a multitude of boulders protruding above the ice. In some reaches it was very difficult to get through. Nevertheless we made fair time. A shallow gorge was traversed with an acute down grade and about a half-mile farther along we made camp for the night as the lonely stars shone brightly in the darkness.

We were now five days out of Pangnirtung. In this time only about 63 miles had been covered – an average of little more than 12 miles a day! Even so, I felt some little wonder that we managed that much in view of the obstacles encountered. At this point we had descended nearly 1,000 feet from Glacier Lake and were now some 250 or 300 feet above sea level.

The next morning (11 February) the cold was still intense with a light head wind. The whole day was an incubus of obstacles, chiefly involving close-ranked boulders projecting through the river ice, forcing us to travel low down on hillsides where there were fewer rocks and deeper snow. In this portion of the valley the descent was moderate, the average being approximately 25 to 30 feet per mile. In various places the river course was in the form of shallow gorges, often bristling with rocks. A couple of prominent glaciers descended practically to the river valley from the west.

This is, indeed, a difficult and potentially dangerous route by dog team in mid-winter. It is understandable that anyone having accomplished it once would hesitate to repeat the experience. Except for outstanding scientific research it is far better to avoid this route. To reach the east coast of Baffin Island across Cumberland Peninsula the way through Kingnait Pass is infinitely superior; it is lower, simpler and much easier to travel. In winter this route is freely used by the Eskimos in maintaining contact between Cumberland Sound, Merchants Bay, Padle, Kivitoo and other localities.

No game of any description was seen during the six days' Pangnirtung Pass journey from sea to sea. However, the trails of a small band of caribou were noted at Summit Lake – the first and the last on the crossing. A single wolf track was seen in the same area. At no time was there any sign of fox, hare, ermine, or ptarmigan. The only creature sighted was a raven near the mouth of Weasel River on 6 February. It was truly an interior territory that was virtually without wildlife in mid-winter.

Early on the forenoon of 12 February, with distinct relief, we reached the south end of North Pangnirtung Fiord. For the present, at least, our land troubles were over. The last three miles of Owl River, approaching the mouth, was divided into several channels on a sandy lowlands. The tide was so little in North Pangnirtung Fiord that scarcely any difference could be seen between the level of Owl River and the sea-ice. By the meandering course of the traverse from Pangnirtung Post to North Pangnirtung Fiord the trek was about 76 miles in length, while the airline distance from one fiord to the other is around 46 miles. Despite many years of travel and exploration in Baffin Island, the Pangnirtung Pass journey was the most harsh and harrowing that I ever experienced.

This was now the end of the Pangnirtung Pass adventure. We camped early that day in the fiord to have a much longer night for resting ourselves and dogs; also, for the important matter of drying our sodden clothing over the seal-oil lamp. About a mile up the fiord I was greatly interested to see an iceberg over 80 feet in height that had drifted down from the north and got frozen in for the winter, fully 50 miles from the open sea of Baffin Bay. The height of the berg indicated that the fiord at this point was probably 400 feet in depth.

Though a couple of inches of fresh snow was a moderate hinderance, the fiord surface seemed like a traveller's paradise after the hardships of the mountains. An interesting feature was the incidence of many caribou trails across the fiord some of which could be seen with binoculars for at least 1,000 feet above the sea. Ahead of us lay a continuation of our journey to Kivitoo and return to Pangnirtung via Merchants Bay and Kingnait Pass. ◆

THE SHUSWAP KEKULI

Drawings and text by John Smyly
of the Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C.

DURING SEPTEMBER OF 1972, a replica Shuswap pit house or *kekuli* was built at Shuswap Lake Park. Five staff members from the Provincial Museum in Victoria built the replica at the request of the B.C. Parks Branch, who wished to have an example of the aboriginal dwellings once used as winter shelters by the southern tribes of the Interior.

Kekuli dwellings were still being occupied in the early 1900s by conservative members of the tribes, but by 1908 they seem all to have been abandoned. While many of the circular excavations can still be seen, singly or in groups of three or four, there is not one original dwelling extant, not even a framework of one, as far as museum staff have been able to discover.

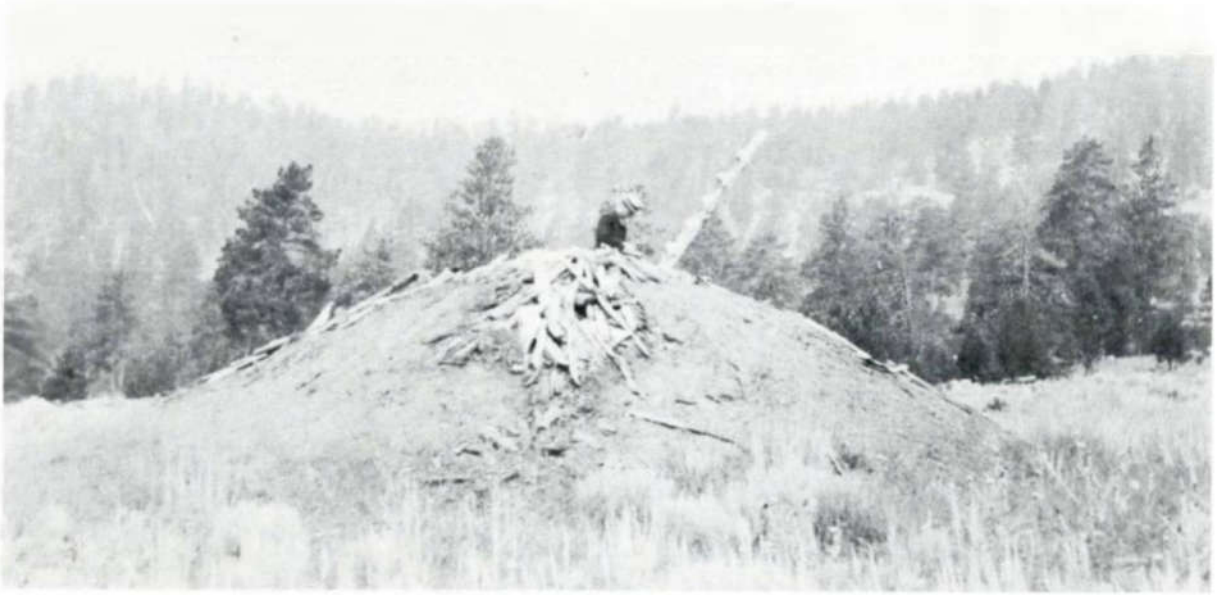
The photograph on this page shows a kekuli said to have been occupied in 1882 and located in the Thompson-Nicola region. The photograph, taken in 1908 after the dwelling had been abandoned, shows the characteristic conical mound, covered in odds and ends of poles and bark sheathing and sealed against the weather with an overlay of earth. The entrance to the dwelling was in the apex of the mound; it was a rectangular hole in the framework, against one side of which was propped the notched log ladder leading to the living space some twelve feet below. The man stands on the ladder in the 'doorway'. This kekuli appears to be a single shelter but groups of six or more have been recorded at Shuswap Lake and near Hope.

In constructing the replica, the museum staff found useful an article by James Teit entitled 'The Thompson Indians of British Columbia', published as a record of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition for the American Museum of Natural History in 1909. Teit records that it was essential that a site be chosen near a supply of fresh water, but on well drained soil so that the excavated pit would not hold moisture in the winter months. When a suitable site was located, a circle was marked out using two ropes set at right angles. The women were given the arduous task of scooping out the earth into baskets and dumping it nearby to be used later on for covering the roof. Several dozen yards of earth were moved in this manner to complete a circular excavation measuring sometimes 30 feet in diameter and sunk to a depth of from two to five feet.

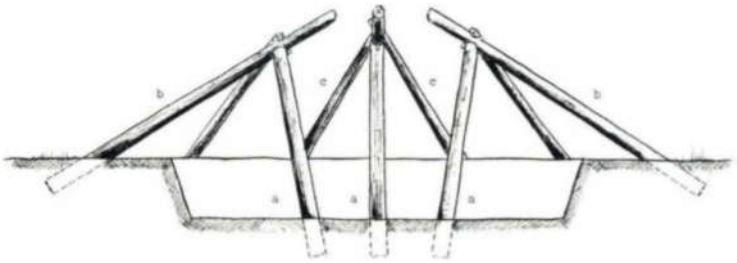
Set into this subterranean floor were the four main support posts which carried the entire framework and its earth covering. The support posts were placed about four feet from the centre of the pit, their bases set well into the floor, and angled outwards to compensate for the weight of the sloping roof. They were saddled or notched at the top to hold the main rafters, although Franz Boas records examples where a forked limb at the upper end served to hold the rafter in place.

The main rafters were footed well outside the edge of the pit and sloped inwards, passing over the supports, and extending to within a foot or two of the centre of

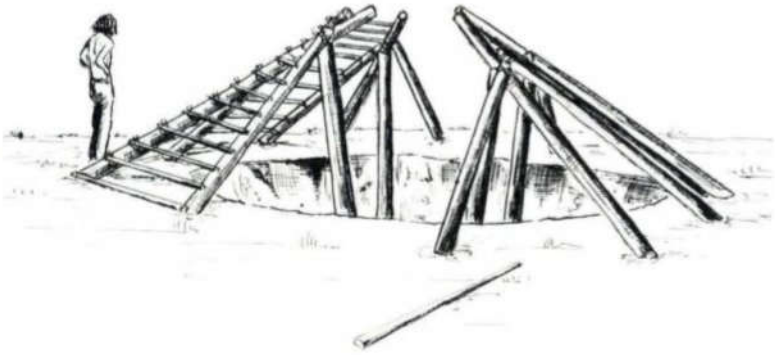
An abandoned kekuli in the Thompson-Nicola region of British Columbia, 1908.



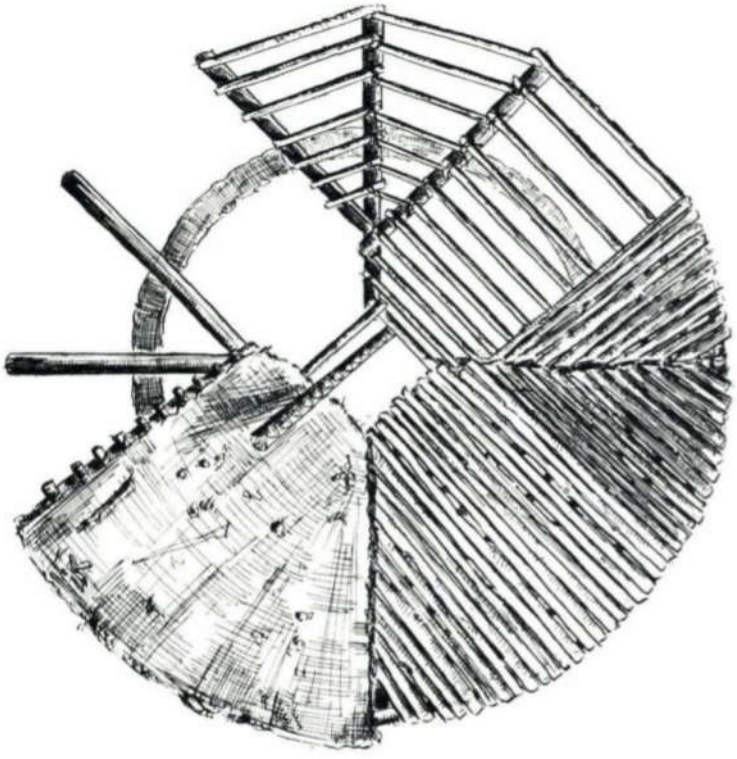
PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, VICTORIA, B.C.



The pit house showing main supports (a), rafters (b) and side rafters or braces.



The partially finished dwelling with heavy timbers in place and the sheathing framework begun; below, an overhead view showing the various stages of construction.



the pit. Two side rafters or braces were added to each of the four main rafters, and where braces, support, and rafters met, all the members were lashed together with willow withes or with rope made from the inner bark of the willow. Wedges were mortised into the joint between main rafter and support to further prevent the weight of the roof from forcing the support posts out of position.

Several hundred poles about three inches in diameter were cut and brought to the building site. Some of these were lashed to the main framework in concentric rings about two feet apart. The last row, of heavier size, formed the rectangular entrance at the apex of the roof against which the log ladder rested, and to which the ladder was firmly bound.

The poles remaining, together with split logs, slabs of bark, pine needles, grass, and brush formed the roof sheathing. Over the whole framework, earth was piled to a thickness of a foot or more, and was tamped down. Even so, it tended to filter through, and Teit says 'When entering the house, they gave warning by shouting 'A'la!'. This was done so that the women who were cooking might have time to protect the food from dirt or dust.'

The chief inconvenience of this kind of dwelling must surely have been the dual purpose of the central roof aperture. Not only was it used as entrance way, and support for the notched log ladder, but it also served as smoke hole for the fire directly beneath. The fire was so close to the ladder in fact, that the base of the ladder had to be protected from the flames by means of a large flat stone propped against it. It is difficult to imagine cooking being carried on successfully indoors. Every inhabitant could reach the interior only by mounting the gentle slope of the roof, stepping onto the notched log, and, by holding onto the groove cut on the underside to serve as a handhold, descending into the smoke and steam from the fire below.

The most convenient aspect of the dwellings on the other hand, was the very real protection they provided against below zero temperatures. Teit records 'These houses were generally inhabited from December till February or the beginning of March, according to the severity of the winter. Though inconvenient, they were extremely warm, hence the inmates were generally scantily attired.'

Isaac Willard, 79-year-old Salish resident of Chase, B.C., who had been born in such a dwelling, described the interior to the museum staff. The floor of his lodge had been covered in bulrush mats, protected from the central fire by a bulwark of stones and logs. The floor was used for eating, sleeping, and domestic chores. A ledge encircled the dwelling on the inside, formed by the angle between the roof slope and the edge of the excavation. Each section of the ledge, divided by the main rafters, was used for a separate purpose. One section was used for water storage. Other sections held meat and fish, tools, and personal belongings. Berries, nuts, and dried roots were stored in an especially

constructed pit outside the main dwelling, apparently to keep them away from the heat of the fire.

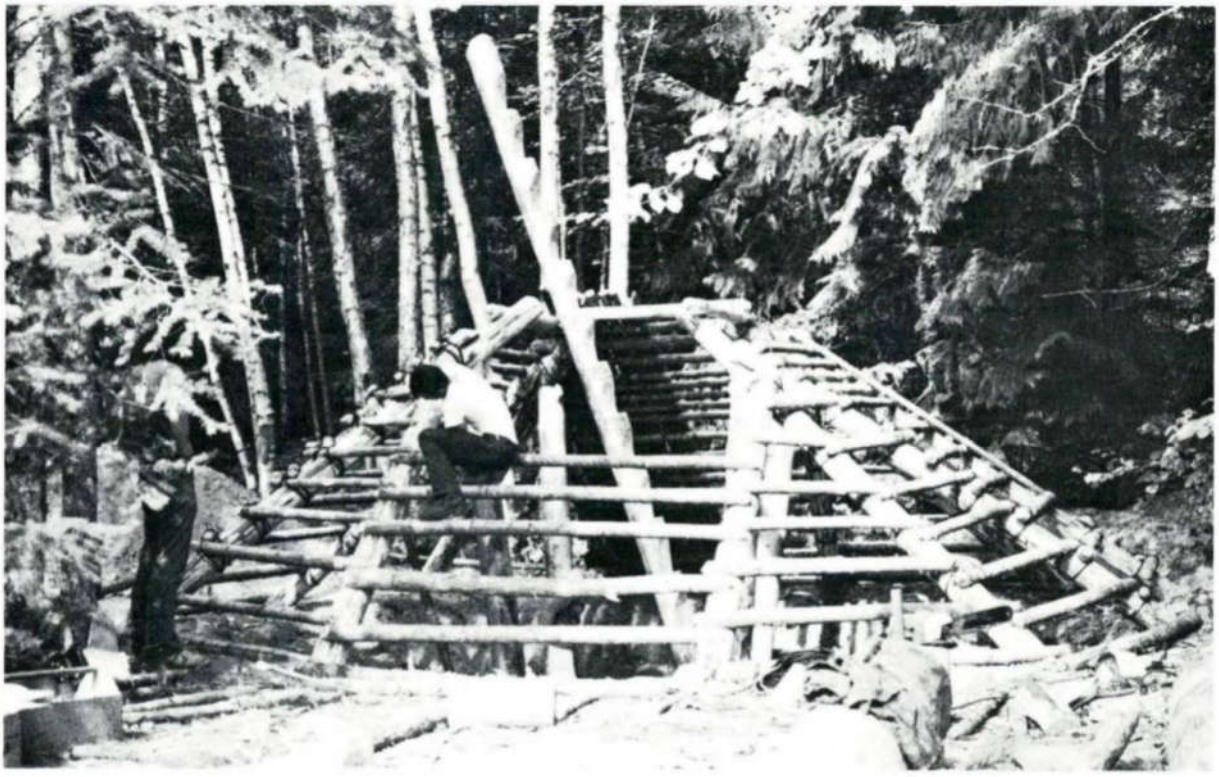
The replica dwelling kept as faithfully to the design and construction techniques of the originals as was practical. In this labour-saving age, a backhoe was used to excavate the pit and main timbers were brought by truck. In the actual construction no machinery was used, not even block and tackle, and five men proved equal to the task of raising the heavy support timbers and fastening them with rope. Axes and a long-handled adze were used for stripping, notching, and cutting to length. For the sake of safety, the joins were all nailed as well as tied. Cut poles were used to build up the framework and for sheathing, and the bark and chips left from construction were used to chink the gaps before the earth covering was shovelled into place and tamped down. One section of the replica roof was left open to allow visitors to examine the interior from ground level.

It is interesting to note that the Interior Salish winter structures have often been referred to by writers as a 'permanent teepee' and Teit's drawings show a quite steep-sided slope. When Isaac Willard saw the replica, his only criticism was that it looked like a 'big teepee' and his opinion, confirmed by the early photographs, was that the structure should have had a more gentle slope upwards. The fault was remedied to a certain extent by piling earth more thickly at the base of the mound, but if another opportunity to build a kekuli presents itself, much shorter support posts will be used.◆

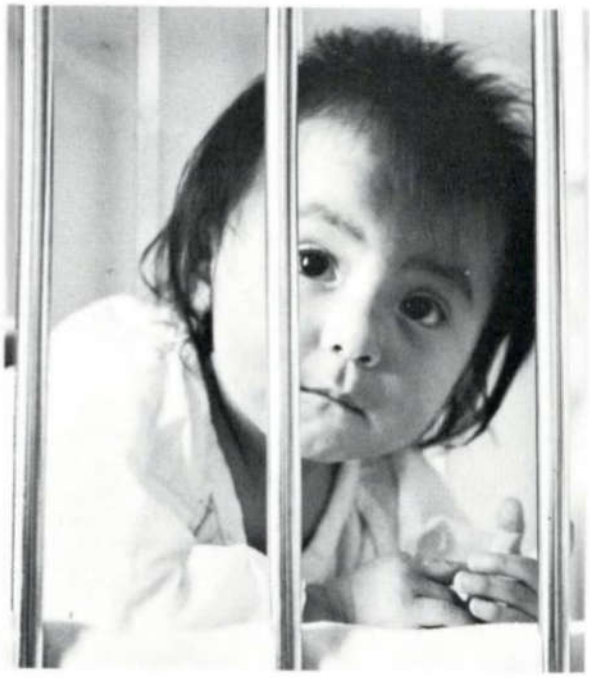
Isaac Willard, the 79-year-old Salish Indian who acted as consultant, stands in front of the completed kekuli.

G. P. GREEN

The notched ladder is in place in this view of the pit-house construction at Shuswap Lake Park, September 1972.



JOHN SMYLY

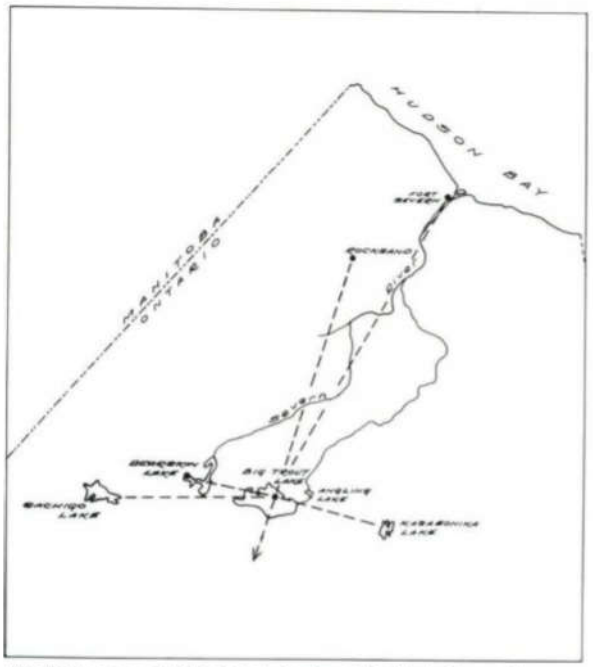


A baby girl who has been flown to the zone hospital for treatment.

THE SIOUX LOOKOUT MEDICAL PROGRAM

BY WAYNE R. McKINNEY

Dr McKinney, paediatric resident in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, was assigned to the Sioux Lookout program for September 1972.



Northern area of the Sioux Lookout Medical Zone. The map is approximately 91 miles to the inch. Sioux Lookout is about 270 miles to the southwest from Big Trout Lake.

THE ONLY INDIAN TREATY that required the central government to provide health services was negotiated with the prairie Indians in 1876. In what is now part of Alberta and Saskatchewan, the local administrators of Indian Affairs had to have a medicine chest in their offices.

Without treaty obligations, the Indians were dependent on individual physicians, missionary enterprises, and traders for health services. With piecemeal medical care, their health had drastically deteriorated by the turn of the century. In 1905, public concern about the danger of the Indians transmitting disease to other people forced the Department of Indian Affairs to appoint a Medical Superintendent, Dr P. Bryce.

Five years later, Dr Bryce was dismissed. His pressure for drastic changes and expensive action annoyed the Department. Seventeen years passed before a new Medical Superintendent, Colonel E. L. Stone, was hired and he moved cautiously.

In 1945, the responsibility for Indian health services was transferred from the Indian Affairs administration to the newly created Department of National Health and Welfare. At that time, tuberculosis was decimating the Indian population. All seventeen 'Indian' hospitals were

treating nothing else. 'White' hospitals helped but they were overwhelmed.

Isaac Littledeer, an 81-year-old retired hunting guide, recalls that in the forties, tubercular Indians from nearby reserves filled the wards of the General Hospital in Sioux Lookout, Ontario. This forced the government to build a 70-bed hospital for Indian patients in the town but, within months, its wards were crowded with new cases of active tuberculosis. This dangerous situation was dramatically improved in the early fifties by the discovery of drugs to treat tuberculosis. Soon the hospital was able to free beds to treat Indians with a variety of medical problems.

The Sioux Lookout Zone in northwestern Ontario stretches from Hearst on the east to the Manitoba border 500 miles to the west. The town of Sioux Lookout is located on the main line of the Canadian National Railway, the southern border of the zone. Seven thousand Cree and Ojibway Indians live near the railway tracks but 8,000 more live in small communities scattered throughout northwestern Ontario from the northern border on Hudson Bay to the railway line in the south. The only transportation is by small aircraft and the only communication is by radio.

Temperatures range from approximately 95° F. in the summer to an occasional -50° F. in winter. Like missing pieces in a giant jigsaw puzzle, thousands of lakes are scattered over this vast area. Roads do not intrude beyond Pickle Lake near the railway line in the south.

Progress in the delivery of health services was understandably slow but in 1969 a crisis was reached. At that time the medical program called for a physician as Zone Director, three medical field officers and a dentist; the federal government had been able to recruit only one doctor and one dentist for the entire area. It was impossible for one doctor to administer the program, visit the outlying nursing stations and run the hospital. The dentist was able to make only occasional field trips. Each nursing station was budgeted for two nurses but many stations had only one. The hospital required twenty-one nurses but had only fourteen.

In February, 1969, the government asked the faculties of medicine and dentistry of the University of Toronto to help. After three years of collaboration, the university's Sioux Lookout Project is considered a model for other under-doctored areas.

Dr W. G. Goldthorpe, the Zone Director, is a physician experienced in the delivery of health services to remote areas in Malaysia and Jamaica. He is a direct employee of the Medical Services Branch but the university is responsible for recruiting his medical and dental staff. The medical school hires two or more family practitioners each year and one or more dentists; paediatric residents from the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto provide continuous coverage in paediatrics by serving one-month rotations. The doctors work in the Indian hospital in Sioux Lookout but each spends one week a month visiting the outlying nursing stations.

Dora Beardy, community health aide on the Bearskin Reserve, assures a young patient that she is not seriously ill.

WAYNE McKINNEY

The 70-bed hospital at Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

The services of the dentist are augmented by the university's dental interns and consultants who regularly visit the zone, as do consultants and residents in internal medicine, orthopaedics, ophthalmology and the other medical and surgical specialities. Each nursing station is now staffed by two or four nurses and the university's nurses receive part of their final year's training in the hospital.

Seven nursing stations scattered throughout the Zone serve their own and twenty satellite communities. The largest station is located in the Cree community of Big Trout Lake 275 miles northeast of Sioux Lookout. Anna Trenholm, an experienced outpost nurse practitioner, is in charge of the Big Trout station and supervises clinics in Sachigo Lake, Bearskin Lake, Angling Lake, Kasabonika, Rocksand and Fort Severn. Nurses Linda Ledwith, Ier Rottenstein and Janet Hall, wife of the local Hudson's Bay Company manager, share nursing duties with Anna and one of the four nurses visits each satellite twice a month. One of these visits is devoted primarily to immunizations and prenatal care.

Each weekday morning the sick gather in the small waiting room adjacent to the clinic on the ground floor of the two-storey medical building in Big Trout. On a September morning, a young infant with a 'cold', laced into a birch-bark *tikinakun* is first. Sadly, the tikinakun is a contributing factor in the number of Indian children afflicted with hip deformities. A two-year-old girl with draining ears plays beside her grandfather. His magnificent old face, carved by harsh weather and memories does not betray the severe back pain that has brought him to the clinic.

Anna prescribes medicine for the infant's cold and x-rays his hips. She suspects a hip problem and saves his x-rays for the next visit of the bone specialist. The young girl's draining ears are treated with antibiotics and ear drops, and the old man is given pain medicine and is scheduled to be flown to the hospital for a thorough evaluation of his problem.

Before the clinic ends, the community health aide from Bearskin radios that a 12-year-old boy on the reserve has been vomiting throughout the night. A single-engine Cessna is flying Ier Rottenstein to Sachigo Lake in the afternoon. She will stop at Bearskin Lake on the way.

A health aide in each outlying clinic handles the day-to-day medical needs of her neighbours and contacts the main nursing station by radio if she needs medical instruction or if a patient must be transported to the hospital in Sioux Lookout for emergency or routine treatment. Dora Beardy, a Cree Indian, is the aide on the Bearskin Lake Reserve, an hour's flight from Big Trout. The doctors praise her for her medical knowledge and her concern for her people. She is required by the regulations to hold clinic for two hours a day but Dora's neighbours know that she is always available. They brag that she 'always has her nose in a medical book'.

Dora is waiting at the edge of the lake when the pontooned Cessna lands. The dock at Bearskin rises high in the water and the plane has difficulty docking. By the time Dora and Ier arrive at the clinic building, the bush telegraph has announced the nurse's visit and the sick boy and his parents are waiting at the door. He doesn't look particularly ill but Ier radios the Big Trout clinic to report that she will bring him in on her way back from Sachigo Lake.

The clinic at Sachigo is held in a freshly painted, well equipped room in the school. A trailer or small frame building is used on other reserves. The women bring their shy, giggling children to Ier for vaccinations and Maria Beardy, Sachigo's aide, helps the mothers comfort their crying children after the hurtful 'sting'. Beardy is a common family name among the Cree and Dora and Maria are not related. The nurse sees twenty-three patients before the Cessna returns to Big Trout. It is seven o'clock when the plane lands at the nursing station with the boy from Bearskin.

The radio room in the hospital at Sioux Lookout where calls from outlying nursing stations are received.

Moses Mosquito is a community health worker assigned to the Big Trout nursing station and its outlying clinics. Like the aides, the health workers are employed and given training courses by the Medical Services Branch. Moses' job is to encourage his neighbours and relatives in Big Trout and the satellite communities to upgrade their nutritional habits and sanitation standards without arousing their resentment. After completing his training, Moses returned home to introduce concepts about sanitation, diet, and the spread of disease that were radically different from traditional attitudes.

Health workers like Moses are caught in an ironic dilemma. The worker is appointed jointly by the Chief, band council, and the Medical Services Branch in the Zone. Yet a returned trainee may find himself resented because of his government salary and 'white man's ways'. Sometimes it appears to the people on the reserves that the health worker's authority is even greater than that of the Chief and councillors because of his direct link with federal resources and assistance.

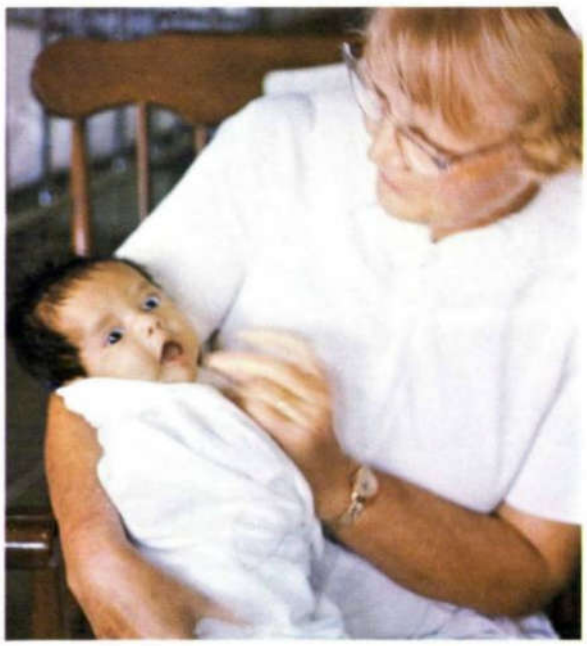
Moses is worried about the contaminated water supply at Bearskin. Diarrhoea is common on the reserve. The people get their water from the lake but many do not boil the water and forget to treat it with chemicals. Each family has been given a kit to purify their water. Moses makes posters in the Cree language to illustrate the need for pure water and teaches the families how to use the kits. He does not give up. The Chief at Big Trout complains that there is only one Moses and he wants one for each satellite.

Fort Severn on Hudson Bay, approximately 500 miles from the hospital at Sioux Lookout.

WAYNE McKINNEY

A visiting ophthamologist from Toronto helps a young patient, newly discharged from the hospital to board an aircraft bound for home. The eye specialist is on his way to Big Trout Lake to treat eye problems and the young boy is returning to Sachigo Lake, an hour and a half by air from Big Trout.

A six-week-old infant who arrived at the hospital in a beautiful birch-bark tikinakun. The use of the tikinakun is associated with an increase in congenital hip deformities.



WAYNE McKINNEY

The day after Ier returns from Bearskin and Sachigo, Don Smith, a 28-year-old family practitioner from the Sioux Lookout hospital, arrives in Big Trout for a week's stay. Don sees the young patient from Bearskin and diagnoses his problem as a 'viral' infection in his stomach. It isn't a serious problem but the boy will stay at the station until he's completely recovered.

Anna usually has the patients with the difficult medical problems prepared for the doctor's visits, but seriously ill patients are flown immediately to the hospital. She is kept busy by the zone doctors and visiting specialists – maintains records of all the speciality problems in Big Trout area and makes certain that the visiting eye specialists see all of the eye problems and the other specialists see all of their cases.

Usually, two or three consultants visit the station each month. Anna and her nurses live on the second floor of the Medical Services Branch building in Big Trout but the visiting medical and dental personnel stay in a trailer parked beside the clinic. Overnight cabins at outlying communities are used by nurses, doctors, and dentists on regular visits.

Supplies are brought in to the nursing stations once a year by tractor-train during the winter months but small emergency items can be flown in. Because of break-up and freeze-up, it is usually impossible to visit any of the clinics in mid-May and mid-November. The federal government proposes to build all-weather landing strips at several of the stations. One is under construction now at Big Trout.

The University of Toronto's Sioux Lookout Project hopes to involve the Indian people in the planning and control of their health services to a greater extent. The energetic director, Dr Goldthorpe, organized a meeting in Sioux Lookout in June 1971, to initially present the idea to the chiefs, councillors, community health aides and community health workers throughout the Zone. Representatives from the Medical Services Branch in Ottawa, the University of Toronto, and the Union of Ontario Indians were also present.

'We are not asking the people to do a job for us' Dr Goldthorpe said then. 'We are asking the people of each community to do a job for themselves. If this meeting works, you will bring up more problems for us to solve and make us work harder for the people.

'This is a hospital for the people. We are the people who provide the service. The Indians on the reserves get the service. They will be represented by an advisory board.

'I am concerned for the sick people who use our services. They do not have enough say. They should not have complete power but they do have opinions and we want to hear them. They can put pressure on to make sure the service is good.'

The project is moving towards integrated health services for treaty Indians and all Canadians in the Sioux Lookout Zone. Non-Indians are treated in the Indian hospital and Indians are treated at the General Hospital in Sioux Lookout. Although most Indians prefer their own hospital, they can be hospitalized in the General Hospital in Sioux Lookout, if they wish.

The General Hospital and the Indian hospital may need to provide different services in order to integrate and improve the health services. Whatever the ultimate solution, the problem of integration appears to be an important one.

Dr H. W. Bain, Chairman of the Department of Paediatrics, University of Toronto, believes the project is a feasible model for delivery of health care in a remote area under extremely adverse conditions. He says that a modified version would be applicable to underdoctored areas in other parts of the world.

In a recent issue of the *Journal of the Canadian Medical Association*, Dr Bain suggested that doctors who have spent one year in general practice, especially in an area like Sioux Lookout should be given some priority for acceptance into university post-graduate medical programs. This would be an indirect way to help solve the doctor shortage in small Canadian communities.

'The Sioux Lookout Project is a collaborative one of universities, governments, doctors, dentists, nurses, community, and consumer, each doing what it does best' says Dr Bain. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

ENCOUNTERS WITH ARCTIC ANIMALS
By Fred Bruemmer. McGraw-Hill Ryerson Ltd., Toronto. 1972. 254 pages, illus. $16.95.

ANIMALS OF THE ARCTIC
By Bernard Stonehouse. Ward Lock Ltd., London, 1971. 172 pages, illus. $13.00.

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr

Here are two sumptuous 'coffee-table' books on Arctic animals but the similarity stops at the size and general subject. Fred Bruemmer's book is a series of personal recollections and ancedotes on a wide variety of Arctic vertebrates – cod, sharks, narwhal, terns, eiders, gyrfalcons, hares, lemmings, muskox, Arctic fox, polar bear, walrus and seals. His book makes no pretensions of being definitive; it is pleasant, satisfying reading. Sometimes Bruemmer waxes lyrical, especially when he describes landscapes and animal activity. The photographs, all by Bruemmer himself, with one exception, are excellent. Bruemmer has the knack of capturing the essence of an animal – his caribou are properly scruffy and moulting in season; on the other hand, his muskox are usually in the full flowing winter pelage they wear most of the year (instead of the short-lived raggedy summer pelage most 'summer visitors' see); his murres are faeces – splattered and dirty.

There are a few errors in *Encounters with Arctic Animals*, but none very serious. Because of the warped ecological ideas that continue to issue from the Jack Miner Sanctuary it is unfortunate that Bruemmer gives further publicity to that organization. Perhaps in the past the sanctuary has saved some individual birds of a few species but it also continues to disseminate unscientific and perverted ideas about other species of birds and some mammals, the things it calls 'predators'.

Bruemmer's book is marred by a number of petty typographical errors. When one pays this much for a book one expects the typography, at least, to be letter perfect. Nonetheless, *Encounters with Arctic Animals* is a thoroughly enjoyable book and I recommend it.

I wish I could say the same for *Animals of the Arctic*. This magnificently printed and bound book, with all photographs in colour, is subtitled *The Ecology of the Far North* and purports to be a definitive exposition. There are so many errors in the text and photo captions that the book should be withdrawn from the market.

For example, geographic distributions of species are in error (caribou are found elsewhere than in 'Greenland and northeastern Canada' and muskox are not 'restricted to Northern Greenland and the Canadian High Arctic tundra'); sizes of animals are wrong (500 to 600 pounds for a barren-ground caribou would be a veritable monster; woodland caribou are larger, not smaller than barren-ground caribou; the maximum weight of wolves is far more than 120 pounds); a thoroughly discredited theory (the author's own) about the function of caribou antlers as heat regulators is resurrected into print again: the role of snow cover in relation to the ecology of small mammals of the tundra is grossly misunderstood; numerous facets of natural history are misstated (the largest grazers resident in the tundra are not muskox and caribou but moose; the brow tine of caribou is not 'to protect the eyes from damage in dense woodland' but to protect the eyes during ritualized brush-threshing during the rut, which usually occurs in forest-tundra or shrub tundra).

Although the text is poor the photographs, all in colour, and many by Fred Bruemmer, are magnificent. But beautiful photographs do not compensate for the error-riddled text. The book bears the panda symbol of the World Wildlife Fund. I hope none of this organization's scarce funds supported the book.

Dr Pruitt, Professor of Zoology at the University of Manitoba, is a well known ecologist and author of 'Animals of the North'.

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THE FIGHTING BISHOP
George Anderson Wells

Edited by Jeanne Carden Wells. Cardwell, Toronto, 1971. xix+628 pages. $10.95.

Reviewed by W. L. Morton

The place of any man in the history of his country, unless he holds the highest office, must be uncertain. Yet clearly the life of any man is of some, however minimal, significance. When he lives at all levels of his country's life, and takes part in most of the great events of his time that significance is remarkable.

That one man, even in a life time of eighty-seven years, should have been Newfoundland fisherman, sealer and sailor, day labourer in Montreal, trooper in the Boer War, student of St John's College, Winnipeg, priest of the Anglican Church of Canada, Chaplain in the First World War, Warden of St John's College, Bishop of Cariboo, Principal Chaplain (P) in the Second World War to 1943, Chaplain of the Fleet, Assistant Bishop of Toronto is remarkable. More remarkable is the simple, straightforward serenity with which that life was lived. No doubt in faith or act ever troubled this man of many titles, known to his friends as Geordie. In the pulpit or on the bridge, in camp or court, George Wells was the same: quiet, firm, decisive.

As such he stands out in autobiographic detail, prepared for the press by his daughter Jeanne. Those who knew him will recapture much in this book. Those who did not will find a man who did no great thing in church or state, but who possessed the aura and quality of greatness, the capacity, in him never fully tested, to do the right thing at the right time in the right way. For example, when the Machray defalcations of church,

university and college funds left St John's College penniless, and the press proclaimed it would close, he insisted on a retraction and simply announced the college would continue. It did and has.

For the student of Canadian history the autobiography of a Canadian whose life spanned Canada, is a rich mine. The researcher will find little that is novel, except in the account of the Machray defalcations and the personality of Archbishop S. P. Matheson, but the reader will share a wide experience of many facets of Canadian life, and will recapture unmistakably the time when a man's life could be lived simply, bravely and with dignity.

Bishop Wells gave his life in service, most of it to the church. As a churchman he was a practical guide and a builder. There is no mention of the secular changes of belief and knowledge which have troubled clergy and laity alike in the past three generations. He was a man of a faith so simple and positive that he disregarded questions in which less certain men became entangled. Yet he never failed to cheer and comfort, for his beliefs were neither blind nor insensitive. The fact was, quite simply, that his spirit was utterly dauntless; nothing baffled, nothing frightened him. If he left the Church he served no intellectual heirloom, he did leave it an example, that of Greatheart.

Dr Morton is Vanier Professor of Canadian History at Trent University and author of many books on historical subjects.

BOOZE

By James H. Gray, Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1972. 243 pages, illus. $7.95.

Reviewed by Roy St. George Stubbs

In his *The American Language*, H. L. Mencken asserts that the word 'booze' 'has never got into Standard English, but it was known to slang in the first years of the Fourteenth Century.' A leading American case defines this interesting word as 'intoxicating liquor' which is as good a definition as any. Booze, in this sense, is the subject of James H. Gray's new book – the fifth in his saga of life in the Prairie West. In this tired world, there are many who will affirm that there are more consequential subjects to engage the attention of a serious writer. But, surely, a writer must have freedom to choose his own subject and be judged on the basis of what he makes of that subject. Judged on this basis Mr Gray comes out well.

The thesis which he sets out to establish is this: 'Increased availability of liquor leads inexorably to increased consumption and increased abuse.' He begins his narrative with a chapter on the old-time saloon – an institution which was designed for two-fisted, stand-up drinking, which discouraged the leisurely, social glass. Since getting drunk was the end of drinking, the sooner that purpose was achieved the better for the business of the saloon-keeper. On pay nights and festive occasions, space at the foot-rail beside the bar was at a premium.

Mr Gray's story continues with a graphic account of the movement to 'Banish the Bar' – which began modestly as a temperance crusade and finally developed into a full-scale campaign to prohibit by legal means the use of alcoholic beverages. The struggle for prohibition in the Prairie Provinces lacked the drama of the struggle that took place in some of the States of the Union. Formidable women, dressed in bloomers, did not invade the saloons with axes and commit destruction on a wholesale scale. But we did have our full quota of earnest men and women who stumped up and down the provinces, in good weather and in bad, enduring real suffering in the cause of giving voice to their earnest belief that the full and final answer to the misuse of alcohol was its strict and absolute non-use. The noble experiment, which their efforts finally succeeded in promoting, failed – as it was doomed to fail. A thirst that man has been indulging since he first learnt to walk upright was not to be quenched by the cold print in the statute books.

Mr Gray recounts in some detail the rise of the House of Bronfman. It is a fascinating story. If his book has a hero, in the new angry-young-man sense of the word, it is Harry Bronfman. He speaks of him in terms that seem to have an undercurrent of something that borders on affection. 'As visionary and off-beat a character' he writes, 'as ever grew out of the soil of Saskatchewan, Harry Bronfman was an authentic child of his generation. His energy was boundless, and a combination of native cunning and incisive intelligence enabled him to spot, on the far horizons, opportunities for profitable enterprise. He was an Alger hero of the Prohibition era – the poor immigrant boy who, by his own initiative and daring, rose from rags to riches on the wings of opportunity that the contemporary Establishment created for him. Not the least of these opportunities were the gaping loopholes which the legislatures, by accident or design, built into the liquor laws of the land.'

The West enjoyed, or endured, prohibition for nearly a decade. The choice of verb is open; it depends largely on a point of view. As Mr Gray emphasizes, the chapter on prohibition in the west came to a conclusion with governments becoming booze-pushers. He ends his book on a melancholy note: 'Fifty years after the beginning of the Prohibition experiment, history was casting governments in the roles of the old-time bartenders who pushed booze at the customers with enthusiastic abandon to the accompaniment of the cash register symphony.' He seems to imply that the wheel has now come full circle. But, surely, it is a matter of degree. There was a solid gain when the old-time saloons were abolished. As instruments for social evil, they have met with no competition in the history of the Prairie West.

Roy St George Stubbs is a Winnipeg judge, author, and critic.

ATLIN, 1898 – 1910
The Story of a Gold Boom

By W. W. Bilsland. Atlin Centennial Committee, Atlin, B.C., 1971. 63 pages plus 23 illustrations from old photographs. $1.75.

Reviewed by R. M. Patterson

The substance of this well-researched booklet was read at a meeting of the Victoria Historical Association on 18 October 1951.

The reason for the existence of the town of Atlin was gold. Very old workings found by the first known miners suggest that the Russians may have been here around 1850; however, the first attributable strike of placer gold was made on Pine Creek, on the east side of Atlin Lake, by Fritz Miller and Kenneth McLaren in 1898. As the date indicates, the Atlin venture was a by-product of the Klondike trail.

Nuggets, some of them of spectacular size, were found in the otherwise fairly uniform coarse gold and the stories spread, losing nothing in the telling. The rush to Atlin started, and by 1899 there were 5,000 people in the Atlin area where, two years earlier, there had been none. The story is then carried on through every phase of development of every new strike: individual placer mining, formation of companies, steam shovels, gold dredging, quartz mining. This sequence brought about an inevitable decline in population so that the town of Atlin, able as early as 1901 to boast of many facilities, including electric power and a telephone system, in reality stood facing a long and steady decline. This was hastened by two disastrous fires – in 1900 and 1905. 'In fifty years' says Mr Bilsland, writing in 1951 and looking back on the first half of the twentieth century, 'Atlin has changed from a bustling mining town of 5,000 people to a sleepy hamlet of 150 residents.'

The local difficulties standing in the way of successful mining in the Atlin area (without mentioning those imposed by conditions in the outside world) have been many and various. Troubles with Oriental labour, and the fires already mentioned; the sinking of vital steamships; difficulty of access and consequent high freight rates by rail and water on supplies and heavy machinery – all these combined with what might be described as the final insult, the short but unnavigable Atlin River running from Atlin Lake to the eastern arm of Tagish Lake. This caused two further handlings of every piece of cargo when practically within sight of its destination. Eventually a railroad of 2¼ miles was constructed over the portage, 'the shortest railroad in the world'. Over this line puffed and chuffed *The Duchess*, a veteran of the Wellington coal mines near Nanaimo, reincarnated as the pride of Atlin. The passenger fare was $2 each way, about a dollar a mile, 'one of the highest rates in the world'. Truly a railroad of superlatives. A charming portrait of *The Duchess* is to be found among the photographs.

In addition to other troubles there was confusion in the staking of claims. Under the impression that Atlin was in the Northwest Territories about forty of the first miners staked in good faith, and were allowed to record their claims in 1898 under N.W.T. regulations, which were far more generous than those of British Columbia. The difference was serious: in the former a discoverer's rights gave him a claim of 1,200 feet in length, whereas in B.C. he would be allowed only 250 feet. Ordinary claims varied in the same way: 250 feet as compared with a niggardly 100 feet. Mr Justice Irving was sent up from Victoria in 1899 to settle the matter. He departed claiming that he had left comparative contentment behind him, and that people 'at least knew where they stood'. His must have been the wisdom of Solon and Solomon combined; but the text on page 16 fails to make clear exactly *how* he achieved this seeming impossibility; and the detail of his methods – which he deposited with the provincial government in case of any future eventuality of this kind – is no longer available. Only his very brief *Return* remains – and, incidentally, Note (30) on page 16, referring to it, is in error: it should read '*Sessional Papers*, 1900, Victoria' and not '1899'.

So much detail is packed into this small book that by far the greater part cannot even be outlined here. Enough, one hopes, has been given to show that *Atlin*, as a reference book for any one interested in that area, is well worth a place on the shelves.

A map, roughly indicating water routes and trails, would have been of value and, while dealing with topography, on page 13, line 1, 'westward' should read 'eastward'. This is a common error in writing, and one committed at least as far back as 1824 by the explorer of the Finlay, Samuel Black.

R. M. Patterson, whose last book is 'Finlay's River' is well acquainted with the history and the terrain of northern British Columbia.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ASSINIBOINE CHIEF
DAN KENNEDY (OCHANKUGAHE)

Edited by James R. Stevens. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1972. 160 pages, illus. $7.95

Reviewed by Chris Vickers

Any book that adds to our knowledge of the Assiniboine tribe is welcome. The Siouan Assiniboine was one of the great bison-hunting tribes of the Northern Plains; for many generations they occupied much of southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and many of the early fur traders and explorers made favourable comments on the skills of the Assiniboine.

It was the Assiniboines who guided La Vérendrye to the Upper Missouri in 1738, and Andrew Graham tells us that 'for strength, valour, and sound constitution, are not to be surpassed by any other nation.' Graham had a good knowledge of the Assiniboine people, for they were keen traders and important middlemen in bringing far western furs down to the posts on Hudson Bay.

Dan Kennedy knows the story of his people since 1880. He saw the disappearing bison and knew his people had to adjust in some degree to a new way of life. He has deep regret for the loss of the old way of life, and was, I think, shocked at the violence of the change. There is little doubt that the editor has made a faithful record of the old Chief's story and legends. My only regret is that there appears to be too much editing and too little of Dan Kennedy telling his own story.

In his introduction the editor records some of the history of the Assiniboine tribe, culled from early journals. The date for the construction of Fort Rouge at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers is 1738, not 1737 as stated on page 11. The 16 pages of illustrations under the title 'The Way It Was' help the reader to understand the past of the Assiniboines.

Retired newspaper editor, Mr Vickers maintains his interest in anthropology, archeology, and western history.

ROBERT R. TAYLOR

Catkins.

THE AMERICAN BUFFALO IN TRANSITION

A Historical and Economic Survey of the Bison in America

by J. Albert Rorabacher. North Star Press, Saint Cloud, Minnesota, 1971. 146 pages, illus. $6.50

Reviewed by Richard W. Sutton

As its title implies, this book envisages continuing changes in the status of the buffalo in North America. The first half of the book deals briefly with the life history of the buffalo, its tragic period of almost total decimation and, finally, its timely and successful preservation as part of our fauna. And that is where most of us are content to leave the buffalo. Not so the author of this book. Now, says he, the buffalo is still in transition, and it is time to investigate stage three – the propagation of the species as a marketable commodity.

Where he deals with the bison's past history – and that encompasses fully one half of this book – the author's erroneous statements and questionable conclusions are just numerous enough to annoy the critical reader. Even the frontispiece gets off on the wrong foot by referring to Gomara's *Historia de las Indias* as *Historia de los Indios*, a liberty which transforms a History of the Indies into a History of the Indians. The Wood Bison, which is quite noticeably larger than the Plains Bison, is described as being smaller, and we are told that 'its legs are shorter and stronger'. The mind fairly boggles at the kind of direct research necessary to determine the relative strength of bisons' legs.

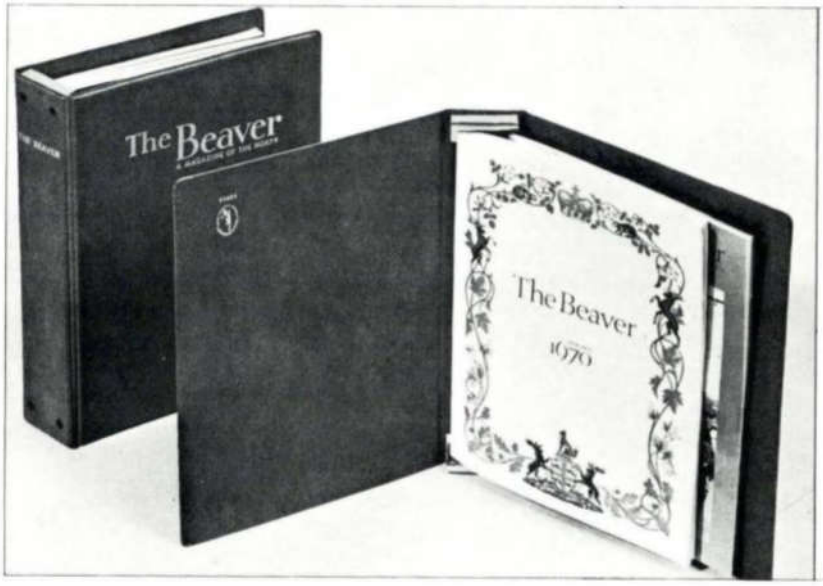
Mishandling of scientific and even common nomenclature becomes so frequent as to suggest that the author's research has been on very unfamiliar ground. This probably accounts for such startling assertions as 'The American buffalo was the most widely distributed mammal in the world – with the exception of man.'

In the United States hundreds of thousands of buffalo were slaughtered for the robe trade. The author very properly deals with this, and includes some excellent photos of professional hunters at work. Unfortunately, as he moves to the Canadian scene, the Red River settlement to be precise, he seems not to have realized that the Red River buffalo hunters were seeking not robes, but meat. We learn, among the many misstatements, that Red River hunters annually brought in over 500,000 robes. This should read 500,000 lbs. of meat, grease and pemmican. Such an amount could be carried by a brigade of, say, 800 carts. To carry the 500,000 mythical robes would have involved an impossible number of Red River carts for a community of some 5,000 souls to provide.

The later chapters, those dealing with the transition of the buffalo into a potentially valuable commercial resource, tend to be largely statistical. Charts and tables give all sorts of data on breeding, nutritive value, weights live and dressed, and purport to show that buffalo can produce more meat, on less pasturage, than can beef cattle. Maybe so, but it would be hard to convince this reviewer that any man owning enough acreage to graze buffalo would, in fact, raise the touchy brutes in preference to, say, Herefords. The author himself acknowledges the bison to be a pretty intractable animal for, in discussing its potential as a wool producer he says 'The animal's superior strength makes shearing an extremely tedious and dangerous process.' I should think so.

'The literature concerning the historical aspects of the buffalo is often highly contradictory, inaccurate, and generally lacking in objectivity.' So states the author of this rather 'different' buffalo book. One is tempted to wonder if, in fact, the present volume has done very much to clarify the situation.

Mr Sutton, a well known naturalist, is chief of the division of interpretation in the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature.



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